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POEMS,
by
WILLIAM SHENSTONE,

containing,

ELEGIES,
ODES,
SONGS,
BALLADS,

LEVITIES,
MORAL PIECES,
INSCRIPTIONS;

with

The Life of the Author.



By J. C. Manchester

Manchester,

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Anno 1798.

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THE LIFE OF SHENSTONE.

William Shenstone was the eldest son of Thomas Shenstone, Esq., of the Leasowes, in the parish of Hales-Owen in Shropshire, where he was born Nov. 1714. His father though plain, and uneducated, seems to have been a sensible man and of liberal sentiments. Our author discovered a very early and common attachment to books. He was taught to read by an old dame, whom he has celebrated in his *Schoolmistress*. He went for a while to the grammar-school in Hales-Owen; and was placed afterwards with the Rev. Mr. Crumpton, an eminent schoolmaster at Solihull, near Birmingham, from whom he received a good classical education. He formed here an acquaintance with Jago, "the poet of the birds," with whom he corresponded during life. At ten years of age he was deprived of his father; and in August 1726, of his grandfather; and was, with his brother Joseph, left to the care of his mother, who managed the estate. His brother died, unmarried, at the Leasowes, in 1751. In 1732, Shenstone was entered commoner at Pembroke College, Oxford. About this time the death of his mother devolved his affairs to the care of the Rev. Thomas Dolman of Brome, in Staffordshire, who married Mary Penn, his mother's sister, whose attention he always mentioned with gratitude. He made but few acquaintance at the University. A degree of bashfulness, from his confined education, joined with a consciousness of his own real abilities, made him disinclined to make advances

to strangers ; and the singularity of his appearance
 ther prejudiced some people against him. Accord
 to the taste which then prevailed, every student
 soon as he was entered at the University, cut off
 hair, without any regard to his complection, and
 on a wig of any colour his fancy suggested. No c
 sideration could induce Shenstone to comply with
 fashion. He thought every one should consult
 particular shape and complection in adjusting his dre
 and that no fashion ought to sanctify what was
 graceful, absurd, or really deformed. The College
 which he was a member has long been eminent
 English poetry and elegant literature, and was at t
 time distinguished by the names of Dr. Adams, D
 Johnson, Blackstone, Mr. Hawkins, afterward poet
 professor. Anthony Whistler, Esq. of Whitwor
 Oxfordshire, author of the "Shuttlecock," and oth
 poems, Mr. Robert Binnel, author of some learn
 notes in "Granger's Tibullus," and Mr. Richa
 Graves, rector of Claverton, in Somersetshire, auth
 of the "Spiritual Quixote," "Euphrosyne," "Co
 umella," "Peter of Pontefract," and other ingenio
 performances. Mr. Whistler, Mr. Graves, and M
 Binnel, were his most intimate friends, together wi
 his schoolfellow Jago, of University College; who
 he could only visit in private, as he wore a servitor
 gown. They used to meet almost every evening
 each other's chambers, where, according to Mr. Grave
 "they read plays and poetry, the Spectators, Tatlers
 and other works of easy digestion, and sipped Floren
 wine." As his fortune was a very sufficient founda
 tion for a genteel profession, he intended to have taken
 his degrees, and to have proceeded to the study of

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sic, but being now of age, and coming into the
 session of his estate at the Leasowes, and also to a
 iety of the estate at Harborough, which fell to him
 the unexpected death of his uncle; as his house
 the Leasowes was inhabited by a tenant, instead of
 arding there, or in the neighbourhood, he rather
 maturely began to keep house at Harborough,
 which he found furnished to his hands, and in its
 imitative state, having been inhabited by the family of
 e Penns for many generations. In this retirement,
 which suited the natural melancholy of his temper,
 ing his own master, and feeling himself much at
 ease, he prolonged his stay beyond what the business
 of the college regularly admitted. Having neglected
 to return to the University at the proper season, he de-
 ried it from time to time, till he felt a reluctance to
 turning at all; so that although he kept his name in
 the College books ten years, and changed his Com-
 moner's gown for that of a Civilian, after the fourth
 year, he gave up the thoughts of proceeding to any
 degree, and seldom resided there. In 1735, he was
 introduced to Mr. Graves of Mickleton in Gloucester-
 shire, who had lately come with his sister to reside in
 that country. In this visit he seems to have felt the
 first symptoms of the tender passion. The beauty and
 merit of Miss Graves insensibly captivated his affec-
 tions, and produced that melancholy langour which
 took entire possession of his heart for some years, and
 presented itself in plaintive love-songs, and elegies of
 woe.

In 1740, he made his first visit to Lon-
 don, where he became acquainted with Dodsley, who
 printed the same year, his *Judgment of Hercules*. It
 was next year followed by the *Schoolmistress*, in the

style of Spencer, which was written before the *Judgment of Hercules*, and is esteemed the most pleasing of his performances.

About this time he was engaged in a poetical contest with some writers in the "Gentleman's Magazine," against enigmas, in which he called in the assistance of Mr. Whistler, Mr. Graves, and one or two more of his friends.

From about the year 1740 to 1746, he wandered about to acquaint himself with life, and was sometimes in London, and sometimes at Bath, Cheltenham, or other places of public resort; but from that period, made few excursions at any distance from home.

His uncle, Dolman, to whose care he was indebted for his ease and leisure, died in 1745; and the care of his own fortune now fell upon himself.

He lived for some time at the Leasowes, with his tenant, Mr. John Shenstone, who was distantly related; but finding that imperfect possession inconvenient, he took the whole estate into his own hands. He had already, on his first coming to board with his tenant, cut a straight walk through his wood, terminated by a small building of rough stone; and, in the corner of a field, he had scooped out a sort of cave, and called it a hermitage; and, a few years after, had built an elegant little summer-house in the water, under a group of beeches, but hitherto had no conception of disposing his environs in any consistent plan. From this time he began to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to enlarge his walks, and to wind his waters, which he did with such judgment and fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great, and the admiration of men of liberal arts; a place to be visited by travellers, and copied by artists. The dreams of the poet were

ere realized. The woods were transformed into groves, and occupied by sylvan deities; his grounds rivalled the rich pastoral plains of Arcadian romance; and the stream, now descended in foaming cascades, and now meandered in chrystal currents through flowery pastures, where the innocent lambs gaily frolicked, and their dams cropped in peace the delicious herbage. The embellishing his farm, however, was by no means his business, but only the amusement of his leisure hours. He will be blamed by some for not pursuing, as he once intended, some lucrative and useful profession; but he chose to resign their emoluments for the charms of ease and independence, and for innocent and elegant relaxations. Shenstone appears to have derived a principal part of his happiness from his visits to the Lyttleton family, the Earls of Stamford and Plymouth, Lord Foley, Lord Ward, Lady Luxborough, and his other neighbours; and, in summer, from people of note coming to see and commend his retirement; but in winter he was a prey to solitude, indolence, and low spirits. The constant improvements which Mr. Shenstone was making (frugally as they were managed) added to his manner of living, must necessarily have caused him to exceed his paternal income of 300*l.* a year, and of course, he might sometimes be distressed for money, yet he had too much spirit to expose himself to insults for trifling sums, and guarded against any great distress by anticipating a few hundreds, which his estate could very well bear, as appeared from what remained to his executors after the payment of his debts, his legacies to his friends, and annuities of 10*l.* a year to one servant, and 6*l.* to another; for his will was dictated with equal justice and generosity,

"He had always," says Mr. Graves, "admired Rowe's song of the "Despairing Shepherd," said to have been written on Mr. Addison and the Countess of Warwick. And I believe on parting with Miss Graves, on some occasion, he first sketched out his *Pastoral Ballad*, in that style which I saw, two or three years before he went to Cheltenham in the summer of 1743. Before meeting there, and becoming very intimate with Miss C——, he became so far enamoured as to feel himself unhappy on leaving Cheltenham and the object of his passion. On this, he enlarged and divided it into four distinct parts. If it were true, as Dr. Johnson asserts, that "he might have obtained the lady to whom his *Pastoral Ballad* was addressed," it must have been a mere poetical flight to talk, as he does, of her cruelty and infidelity: I can hardly believe, as her sister was married to a baronet of considerable fortune, that Miss C——, in her bloom, would have condescended to marry a man, however deserving, of so small a fortune as Mr. Shenstone. And though, from his acquired habits and taste of life, he could not have been happy with a woman of inferior education, yet as he was sensible his income was not sufficient to support a lady of Miss C——'s description, he never aspired to that happiness; as he says, in a letter on the occasion, "marriage was not once the subject of our conversation, nor even love; as I can add from the best authority,

—*nec conjugis unquam*

Prætendi tædis, aut hæc in fœdera veni." VIRG.

After his settlement at the Leasowes, though the embellishment of his farm engaged his thoughts, he occasionally wrote most of his elegies, "partly," says he

to divert my present impatience, "and partly as it will be a picture of most that passes in my own mind, portrait which *friends* may value." His elegy called *Uphelia's Urn*, alludes to a real urn which he had erected in the church at Mickleton, with this inscription: Utreciæ Smith, Puellæ simplici, innocuæ, eleganti; R. G. Unà actæ memor pueritiæ Mærens posuit. M.DCC.XLIV." Utrecia Smith was the daughter of a clergyman, who, from the books with which her father supplied her, had formed to herself a good taste for polite literature, and wrote well in prose, and sometimes in verse. A connection of four or five years with a very ingenious clergyman, which, for prudential reasons, he thought proper to break off, proved in its consequence fatal to this extraordinary young woman; he died soon after, greatly lamented by Shenstone, and many other ingenious young people who had been acquainted with her.

About the year 1750, he had resolution enough to take a journey of near 70 miles, to visit his friend Mr. Whistler, at Whitchurch in Oxfordshire. Mr. Whistler lived in an elegant style, and was visited by all the genteel families in the neighbourhood. He laid a stress on trivial circumstances in his domestic economy, which Shenstone affected to despise. This disposed him one evening to ridicule Mr. Whistler's great solicitude in preparing for an entertainment. Instead of dressing for the company, he continued lolling at his ease, and disputing rather perversely on the folly and absurdity of attending to such trifles. The dispute ran high; and, although he suppressed his choler that evening, he took an almost silent leave the next morning. Mr. Whistler died in 1754; and it appears, from a letter of Shenstone's that

he still retained the same warmth of affection for his old friend. He paid so great a deference to the taste of Mr. Whistler, that he seldom wrote a letter to him without the utmost care and attention. From that time, he went but seldom from home, and grew more indolent and sedentary; but he was always alert and attentive to the claims of friendship and benevolence.

As far as his influence extended, he patronized Mr. Wheatly, Mr. Woodhouse, and Mr. Giles, and corrected and improved their poetical compositions. He promoted the publication of Livie's elegant edition of Horace; assisted Mr. Hull in writing his tragedy "Henry II, or the fall of Rosamond," and suggested to Dr. Percy, the scheme of publishing his "Reliques of Ancient Poetry;" and, as he gratefully acknowledged, greatly assisted him in that work.

On a very cold day, he returned on a Sunday from a visit to his friend Lord Stamford at Enville; he was soon afterwards seized with a fever of the putrid kind, which terminated fatally at five on Friday morning, February 1, 1763. He was buried near his brother, under a plain fluted stone in the church-yard of Hales-Owen. Afterwards, his friend Mr. Graves erected a neat urn to his memory, in Hales-Owen church. An urn was also erected to his memory at Hagley, by his friend Lyttelton: and several were inscribed to him by Mr. Knight of Wooverly in Worcestershire, and by the Marquis de Girardin at Emmenonville, "the Leasowes of France." An "account of his Life" and a "Description of the Leasowes" has been written by his friend Dodsley, and prefixed to an edition of his *Works in Prose and Verse*, in 3 vols 8vo. A poetical description of the Leasowes is printed in "Woodhouse's Poems," and in "Giles's Mi-

lanies." It has been improved by a plain elegant
house, built in 1776, by Edward Horne, Esq., the possessor,
who has inscribed a seat near one of the cascades, "To William Shenstone, Esq., whose genius
first discovered, whose amiable manners recommended,
whose writings adorned the beauties of this villa, (before
neglected and unknown) this seat, with its concomitant
stream, is dedicated, by E. H. 1776."

Mr Shenstone seems to have had all the virtues and all the imperfections that attend a generous, easy, and
gentle disposition. In his private opinions, he adhered to no
particular sect, and hated all religious disputes. But whatever
were his own sentiments, he always shewed great tenderness to
those who differed from him. Tenderness, in every sense of the
word, was his peculiar characteristic: his friends, his domestics,
his poor neighbours, all daily experienced his benevolent turn of
mind. Indeed this virtue in him was often carried to such excess,
that it sometimes bordered on weakness; yet if he was convinced that
any of those ranked amongst the number of his friends had
treated him ungenerously, he was not easily reconciled. He used
a maxim on such occasions, which is worthy of being observed and
imitated: "I never," said he, "will be a revengeful enemy; but I
cannot, it is not my nature, to be half a friend." He was in his temper quite
unsuspicious; but if suspicion was once awakened in him, it was not
laid asleep again without difficulty. Nothing could be more amiable
than his social, or more unexceptionable than his moral character.
In company with strangers, he felt an awkward restraint; where he
was free, his conversation was sensible and sprightly. He sometimes
indulged himself

in strokes of humour; but the tender and pathetic were more congenial to the natural melancholy of his temper. He was fond of pictures, statues, medals, and every article of virtù, without being a virtuoso, or enthusiastically attached to them. In music and painting he had considerable taste and skill. He was fond of trinkets, such as rings, snuff-boxes, &c.; and studied and drew sketches for them, from which the Birmingham people improved their toys. He was no economist; the generosity of his temper prevented him from paying a proper regard to the use of money: he exceeded, therefore, the bounds of his paternal fortune which, before he died, was considerably incumbered. He left, however, more than sufficient to pay all his debts, and by his will appropriated his whole estate to that purpose. In his person, he was larger than the middle size, and of a robust rather than an elegant form. He had a dull heavy look, unless when his features were animated by any sprightly sentiments which rendered him extremely pleasing. In his dress he was negligent, even to a fault; though, when young at the university, he was accounted a beau. He wore his own hair, which was quite grey very early, in a particular manner; not from any affectation of singularity, but from a maxim he had laid down, that without too slavish a regard to fashion, every one should appear in a manner most suitable to his own person and figure. His favourite dress was a plain blue coat, and a scarlet waistcoat with a broad gold lace, which he seldom changed either winter or summer.

The selection of Shenstone's poems was made by Dodsley, who, certainly printed more than he should have done. The feebler parts of his compositions are here omitted.



ELEGIES.

ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF A CERTAIN LEARNED ACQUAINTANCE.

proud Pygmalion quit his cumbrous frame,
Imaginal pomp the scanty tear supplies ;
Whilst heralds loud with venal voice, proclaim,
Here the brave and the puissant lies.
When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends,
Elegant nor plume distinguish Alcon's bier ;
The faithful Muse with votive song attends,
And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.
He little knew the sly penurious art,
That odious art which Fortune's fav'rites know ;
Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
But envious Fate forbade him to bestow.
He little knew to ward the secret wound ;
He little knew that mortals could ensnare ;
Virtue he knew ; the noblest joy he found
To sing her glories, and to paint her fair !
All was he skill'd to guide his wand'ring sheep,
And unforeseen disaster thinn'd his fold ;
Yet at another's loss the swain would weep,
And for his friend his very crook was sold.
Ye sons of wealth ! protect the Muse's train :
From winds protect them, and with food supply ;
Ah ! helpless they, to ward the threaten'd pain,
The meagre famine, and the wintry sky !
He lov'd a nymph : amidst his slender store
He dar'd to love ; and Cynthia was his theme !

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He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore,
 They only echo'd o'er the winding stream.
 His nymph was fair! the sweetest bud that blows
 Revives less lovely from the recent show'r;
 So Philomel enamour'd eyes the rose;
 Sweet bird! enamour'd of the sweetest flow'r.
 He lov'd the muse; she taught him to complain;
 He saw his tim'rous loves on her depend:
 He lov'd the Muse, altho' she taught in vain;
 He lov'd the Muse, for she was virtue's friend.
 She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors;
 She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain;
 She tempts Patricians from the fatal doors
 Of Vice's brothel forth to Virtue's fane.
 He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give;
 He griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain:
 Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,
 The pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.
 I saw him faint! I saw him sink to rest!
 Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng;
 As tho' the Virtues had not warm'd his breast,
 As tho' the Muses not inspir'd his tongue.
 I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain;
 Saw peasant hands the pious rite supply;
 The gen'rous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,
 But Pow'r and Wealth's unvarying cheek was dry!
 Such Alcon fell; in meagre want forlorn!
 Where were ye then, ye pow'rful Patrons! where?
 Would ye the purple should your limbs adorn,
 Go wash the conscious blemish with a tear,

OPHELIA'S URN.

To Mr. G-----.

From the dim veil of evening's dusky shade,
Near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
That dreary forms has magic Fear survey'd!
That shrouded spectres Superstition seen!
But you, secure, shall pour your sad complaint,
Nor dread the meagre phantom's wan array;
That none but Fear's officious hand can paint,
That none but Superstition's eye survey.

The glim'ring twilight and the doubtful dawn
Shall see your step to these sad scenes return:
Constant, as crystal dew's impearl the lawn,
Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn.

Where naught unhallow'd shall presume to stray,
Where sleep the reliques of that virtuous maid;
Nor ought unlovely bend its devious way,
Where soft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Apply thy Muse, as with unceasing sighs
She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
May see light groups of pleasing visions rise,
And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind.

Where Fame, her clarion pendent at her side,
Shall seek forgiveness of Ophelia's shade:
Why has such worth without distinction died?
Why, like the desert's lily, bloom'd to fade?"

Then young Simplicity, averse to feign,
Shall, unmolested, breathe her softest sigh;
And Candour with unwonted warmth complain,
And Innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then Elegance, with coy judicious hand,
 Shall cull fresh flow'rets for Ophelia's tomb;
 And Beauty chide the Fates' severe command,
 That shew'd the frailty of so fair a bloom!
 And Fancy then, with wild ungovern'd woe,
 Shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explain;
 For mournful sable all her hues forego,
 And ask sweet foliace of the Muse in vain!
 Ah! gentle Forms! expect no fond relief;
 Too much the sacred Nine their loss deplore:
 Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
 Your best, your brightest, fav'rite is no more.

TO FORTUNE,

suggesting his Motive for repining at her Dispensations.

Ask not the cause why this rebellious tongue
 Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway;
 Ask not, thus branded in my softest song,
 Why stands the flatter'd name which all obey?
 'Tis not that in my shed I lurk forlorn,
 Nor see my roof on Parian columns rise;
 That on this breast no mimic star is borne,
 Rever'd, ah! more than those that light the skies.
 'Tis not that on the turf supinely laid,
 I sing or pipe but to the flocks that graze;
 And, all inglorious, in the lonesome shade
 My finger stiffens and my voice decays.
 Not that my fancy mourns thy stern command,
 When many an embryo dome is lost in air;
 While guardian Prudence checks my eager hand,
 And ere the turf is broken, cries, "Forbear;

Forbear, vain Youth! be cautious, weigh thy gold,
Nor let yon' rising column more aspire;
Ah! better dwell in ruins than behold
Thy fortunes mould'ring, and thy domes entire.
Honorio built, but dar'd my laws defy;
He planted, scornful of my sage commands;
The peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye;
The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands."

See the small stream that pours its murm'ring tide
O'er some rough rock that would its wealth display,
Displays it ought but penury and pride?
Ah! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

How would some flood, with ampler treasures blest,
Disdainful view the scantling drops distil!
How must Velino* shake his reedy crest!
How ev'ry cygnet mock the boastive rill!

Fortune! I yield; and see, I give the sign;
As noon the poor mechanic wanders home,
Collects the square, the level, and the line,
And with retorted eye forsakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains;
Can, unrepining, leave the rising wall;
Check the fond love of art that fir'd my veins,
And my warm hopes in full pursuit recall.

Descend ye Storms! destroy my rising pile;
Loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting sway:
Contented I, altho' the gazer smile
To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

Let some dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine,
As in the sun regales his wanton herd;

* A river in Italy that falls 100 yards perpendicular.

Guiltless of envy, why should I repine
 That his rude voice, his grating reed, 's preferr'd?
 Let him exult, with boundless wealth supply'd,
 Mine and the swain's reluctant homage share;
 But, ah! his tawdry shepherdess's pride,
 Gods! must my Delia, must my Delia bear?
 Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease,
 Submit to Marian's dress, to Marian's gold?
 Must Marian's robe from distant India please?
 The simple fleece my Delia's limbs enfold?
 "Yet sure on Delia seems the russet fair;
 Ye glitt'ring daughters of Disguise, adieu!"
 So talk the wise, who judge of shape and air,
 But will the rural thane decide so true?
 Ah! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns?
 'Tis thy false glare, O Fortune! thine they see;
 'Tis for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,
 And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee.

He complains how soon the pleasing Novelty of Life is over
 To Mr. Jago.

Ah me! my Friend! it will not, will not last!
 This fairy scene that cheats our youthful eyes;
 The charm dissolves; th' aerial music's past;
 The banquet ceases and the vision flies.
 Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,
 Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?
 Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
 And we, delightless, left to wander home!
 Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain!
 What has the world to bribe our steps astray?
 Ere Reason learns by study'd laws to reign,

The weaken'd passions, self-subdu'd, obey,
Scarce has the sun seven annual courses roll'd,
Scarce shewn the whole that Fortune can supply,
Since not the miser so caress'd his gold,
As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.
On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part,
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!
'T was life, 't was taste, and—oh! my foolish heart!
Substantial joy was fix'd in pow'r and place.
And you! ye works of Art! allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture and the living stone;
"Tho' gold, tho' splendour, Heav'n and Fate deny,
Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own!"
Smit with the charms of Fame, whose lovely spoil
The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
I trimm'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—
Put soon the paths of health and fame divide!
Oft' too I pray'd, 't was Nature form'd the pray'r,
To grace my native scenes, my rural home;
To see my trees express their planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome,
But now 't is o'er, the dear delusion 's o'er;
A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul;
A fond aspiring candidate no more,
I scorn the palm before I reach the goal.
O Youth! enchanting state, profusely bless'd!
Bliss ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind;
Of health neglectful, yet by health caress'd,
Careless of favour, yet secure to find.
Then glows the breast, as op'ning roses fair;
More free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing;
Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,

Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.
 Not all the force of manhood's active might,
 Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,
 Not science shall extort that dear delight,
 Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.
 Adieu, soft raptures! transports void of care!
 Parent of raptures, dear Deceit! adieu!
 And you, her daughters, pining with despair,
 Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!
 Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!
 Again to trace the wint'ry tracks of snow!
 Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey
 The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow!
 O Life! how soon of ev'ry bliss forlorn!
 We start false joys and urge the devious race:
 A tender prey; that cheers our youthful morn,
 Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chase.

HIS RECANTATION.

No more the Muse obtrudes her thin disguise,
 No more with awkward fallacy complains,
 How ev'ry fervour from my bosom flies,
 And Reason in her lonesome palace reigns.
 Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,
 No more she paints the breast from passion free;
 I feel, I feel one loit'ring wish survive—
 Ah! need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?
 The star of Venus ushers in the day,
 The first, the loveliest of the train that shine!
 The star of Venus lends her brightest ray,
 When other stars their friendly beams resign.



Still in my breast one soft desire remains,
Pure as that star, from guilt, from int'rest free ;
Has gentle Delia tripp'd across the plains,
And need I, Floria, name that wish to thee ?
While cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,
I tune with careless hand my languid lays,
Some secret impulse wakes my former flame,
And fires my strain with hope of brighter days.
I slept not long beneath yon' rural bow'rs ;
And, lo ! my crook with flow'rs adorn'd I see ;
Has gentle Delia bound my crook with flow'rs,
And need I, Florio ! name my hopes to thee ?

TO A FRIEND,

on some slight Occasion estranged from him.

Health to my friend, and many a cheerful day !
Around his seat may peaceful shades abide !
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles, away,
And, till they crown our union, gently glade !
Ah me ! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom !
Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy !
Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume,
Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy !
Say, were it ours, by Fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the Torrid Zone,
Would thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand ?
Wouldst thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend disown ?
Life is that stranger land, that alien clime ;
Shall kindred souls forego their social claim ?
Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,
Shall dark suspicion quench the gen'rous flame ?

Myriads of souls that knew one parent mould,
 See sadly sever'd by the laws of Chance!
 Myriads in time's perennial list enroll'd,
 Forbid by Fate to change one transient glance!
 But we have met—where ills of ev'ry form,
 Where passions rage and hurricanes descend;
 Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm,
 And guide them to the bosom—of a friend?
 Yes, we have met—thro' rapine, fraud, and wrong:
 Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
 Why leave thy friend amid the boist'rous throng,
 Ere death divide us, and we part no more?
 For, oh! pale Sickness warns thy friend away;
 For me no more the vernal roses bloom!
 I see stern Fate his ebon wand display,
 And paint the wither'd regions of the tomb.
 Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
 Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier;
 "Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part,
 To let suspicion, intermix a fear."

*He compares his humble Fortune with the Distress
 others, and his Subjection to Delia with the miserable
 Servitude of an African Slave.*

Why droops this heart with fancy'd woes forlorn?
 Why sinks my soul beneath this wintry sky?
 What pensive crowds, by ceaseless labours worn,
 What myriads wish to be as bless'd as I!
 What tho' my roofs devoid of pomp arise,
 Nor tempt the proud to quit his destin'd way?

For costly art my flow'ry dales disguise,
Where only simple Friendship deigns to stray?
See the wild sons of Lapland's chill domain,
That scoop their couch beneath the drifted snows!
How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
Where the sharp east for ever, ever blows!
Have tho' I be, to Delia's eyes a slave,
My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear;
The sigh she causes well becomes the brave,
The pang she causes 't is ev'n bliss to bear.
See the poor native quit the Libyan shores,
Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound!
No radiant smile his dying peace restores,
Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship, heals his wound.
Yet vacant bards display their boasted woes:
Shall I the mockery of grief display?
No; let the Muse his piercing pangs disclose,
Who bleeds and weeps, his sum of life away!
On the wild beach in mournful guise he stood,
Where the shrill boatswain gave the hated sign;
He dropp'd a tear unseen into the flood,
He stole one secret moment to repine.
Yet the Muse listen'd to the plaints he made,
Such moving plaints as Nature could inspire;
Come the Muse his tender plea convey'd,
But smooth'd and suited to the sounding lyre.
Why am I ravish'd from my native strand?
What savage race protects this impious gain?
Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land,
And more than sea-born monsters plough the main?
Where the dire locusts' horrid swarms prevail;
Where the blue asps with livid poison swell;

Here the dry dipsa writhes his sinuous mail ;
 Can we not here secure from envy dwell ?
 When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chase,
 When the stern panther sought his midnight prey,
 What fate reserv'd me for this Christian race ?
 O race more polish'd more severe than they !
 Ye prowling Wolves ! pursue my latest cries ;
 Thou hungry Tyger ! leave thy reeking den ;
 Ye sandy Wastes ! in rapid eddies rise ;
 O tear me from the whips and scorns of men !
 Yet in their face superior beauty glows :
 Are smiles the mein of rapine and of wrong ?
 Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,
 And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.
 Of blissful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
 Where gentle minds, convey'd by Death, repair ;
 But stain'd with blood, and crimson'd o'er with crime
 Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair ?
 No, careless, hopeless of those fertile plains,
 Rich by our toils, and by our sorrows gay,
 They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,
 And feign these distant regions to repay.
 For them our tuskly elephant expires ;
 For them we drain the mine's embowell'd gold ;
 Where rove the brutal nation's wild desires ?
 Our limbs are purchas'd and our life is sold.
 Yet shores there are, bless'd shores for us remain,
 And favour'd isles, with golden fruitage crown'd,
 Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,
 Where ev'ry breeze shall med'cine ev'ry wound.
 There the stern tyrant that embitters life
 Shall, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand ;

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* Eleanor o
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ere shall we view the billow's raging strife,
 and the kind breast, and waft his boat to land."

He takes Occasion from the Fate of Eleanor of Bre-
tagne, to suggest the imperfect Pleasures of a Solitary*
Life.

Then beauty mourns, by Fate's injurious doom,
 hid from the cheerful glance of human eye;
 Then Nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,
 and is that heart which checks the rising sigh.

Fair Eleonora! would no gallant mind
 the cause of Love, the cause of Justice, own?
 Matchless thy charms, and was no life resign'd
 to see them sparkle from their native throne?

Or had fair Freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,
 Well might such brows the regal gem resign;
 Thy radiant mein might scorn the guilt of arms,
 yet Albion's awful empire yield to thine.

O shame of Britons! in one sullen tow'r
 she wet with royal tears her daily cell;
 she found keen anguish ev'ry rose devour;
 They sprung, they shone, they faded, and they fell.

Thro' one dim lattice, fring'd with ivy round,
 successive suns a languid radiance threw,
 to paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
 to mark how fast her waning beauty flew.

This age might bear; then sated Fancy palls,
 nor warmly hopes what splendour can supply;

* Eleanor of Bretagne, the lawful heiress of the English crown,
 on the death of Arthur, in the reign of King John. She was es-
 timated the beauty of her time; was imprisoned forty years (till the
 day of her death) in Bristol Castle.

Fond youth incessant mourns, if rigid walls
 Restrain its list'ning ear, its curious eye.
 Believe me, * * * *, the pretence is vain !
 This boasted calm that smooths our early days :
 For never yet could youthful mind restrain
 Th' alternate pant for pleasure and for praise.
 Ev'n me, by shady oak or limpid spring,
 Ev'n me, the scenes of polish'd life allure ;
 Some genius whispers, " Life is on the wing,
 And hard his lot that languishes obscure.
 What tho' thy riper mind admire no more ;
 The shining cincture and the broider'd fold
 Can pierce like lightning thro' the figur'd ore,
 And melt to dross the radiant forms of gold ;
 Furs, ermines, rods, may well attract thy scorn,
 The futile presents of capricious Pow'r !
 But wit, but worth, the public sphere adorn,
 And who but envies then the social hour ;
 Can Virtue, careless of her pupil's meed,
 Forget how * * * * sustains the shepherd's cause ?
 Content in shades to tune a lonely reed,
 Nor join the sounding pæan of applause ?
 For public haunts, impell'd by Britain's weal,
 See Grenville quit the Muse's fav'rite ease ;
 And shall not swains admire his noble zeal ?
 Admiring praise, admiring strive to please ?
 " Life," says the sage, " affords no bliss sincere,
 And courts and cells in vain our hopes renew ;"
 But, ah ! where Grenville charms the list'ning ear,
 'Tis hard to think the cheerless maxim true.
 The groves may smile, the rivers gently glide,
 Soft thro' the vale resound the lonesome lay :

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Ev'n thickets yield delight, if taste preside,
But can they please when Lyttleton 's away?
Pure as the swain's the breast of *** glows;
Ah! were the shepherd's phrase like his refin'd!
But how improv'd the gen'rous dictate flows
Thro' the clear medium of a polish'd mind!
Happy the youths who, warm with Britain's love,
Her inmost wish in ***'s periods hear!
Happy that in the radiant circle move,
Attendant orbs, where Lonsdale gilds the sphere!
While rural faith, and ev'ry polish'd art,
Each friendly charm, in *** conspire,
From public scenes all pensive must you part,
All joyless to the greenest fields retire!
Go, plaintive youth! no more by fount or stream,
Like some lone halcyon, social pleasures shun:
Go, dare the light, enjoy its cheerful beam,
And hail the bright procession of the sun.
Then, cover'd by thy ripen'd shades, resume
The silent walk, no more by passion tost;
Then seek thy rustic haunts, the dreary gloom,
Where ev'ry art that colours life is lost."
In vain! the list'ning Muse attends in vain!
Restraints in hostile bands her motions wait—
Yet will I grieve and sadden all my strain,
When injur'd Beauty mourns the Muse's fate.

TO DELIA, WITH SOME FLOWERS;

complaining how much his Benevolence suffers on account of his
humble Fortune.

Whate'er could Sculpture's curious art employ,
Whate'er the lavish hand of Wealth can show'r,

These would I give—and ev'ry gift enjoy
 That pleas'd my Fair—but Fate denies the pow'r.
 Bless'd were my lot to feed the social fires !
 To learn the latent wishes of a friend !
 To give the boon his native taste admires,
 And, for my transport, on his smile depend !
 Bless'd, too, is he whose ev'ning ramble strays
 Where droop the sons of Indigence and Care !
 His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
 And win, at small expence, their fondest pray'r !
 And, oh ! the joy, to shun the conscious light ;
 To spare the modest blush ; to give unseen !
 Like show'rs that fall behind the veil of night,
 Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.
 But happiest they who drooping realms relieve !
 Whose virtue in our cultur'd vales appear !
 For whose sad fate a thousand shepherds grieve,
 And fading fields allow the grief sincere.
 To call lost worth from its oppressive shade,
 To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine,
 To hear it grateful own the gen'rous aid ;
 This, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine.
 Faint is my bounded bliss ; nor I refuse
 To range where daisies open, rivers roll,
 While prose or song the languid hours amuse,
 And sooth the fond impatience of my soul.
 A while I 'll weave the roofs of jasmine bow'rs,
 And urge with trivial cares the loit'ring year ;
 A while I 'll prune my grove, protect my flow'rs,
 Then, unlamented, press an early bier !
 Of those lov'd flow'rs the lifeless corse may share,
 Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow ;

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The rest will breathe as sweet, will grow as fair,
 As when their master smill'd to see them glow.
 The sequent morn shall wake the sylvan choir;
 The kid again shall wanton ere tis noon:
 Nature will smile, will wear her best attire;
 O! let not gentle Delia smile so soon!
 While the rude hearse conveys me slow away,
 And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
 Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay,
 And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame—
 O Delia! cheer'd by thy superior praise,
 I bless the silent path the Fates decree;
 Pleas'd, from the list of my inglorious days
 To raise the moments crown'd with bliss and thee.

Describing the Sorrow of an ingenuous Mind on the melancholy Event of a licentious Amour.

Why mourns my friend? why weeps his downcast eye?
 That eye where mirth, where fancy, us'd to shine;
 Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
 Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.
 Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace?
 Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care?
 Bless'd in thy song, and bless'd in ev'ry grace
 That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair!
 "Damon," said he, "thy partial praise restrain;
 Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore:
 Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
 And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.
 For, oh! that Nature on my birth had frown'd,
 Or Fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!

Then had my bosom scap'd this fatal wound,
 Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.
 But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,
 My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
 In Fortune's train the syren Flatt'ry smil'd,
 And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.
 Of folly studious, e'en of vices vain,
 Ah, vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
 I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
 Nor dropp'd the chase till Jessy was my prey.
 Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name
 Expence, and Art, and Toil, united strove;
 To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
 Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.
 School'd in the science of Love's mazy wiles,
 I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn;
 I spoke of jealous doubts and fickle smiles,
 And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.
 Then while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
 Warm to deny and zealous to disprove,
 I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
 And seiz'd the minute of returning love.
 To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
 Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
 Assur'd that virtue by misfortune press'd,
 Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.
 Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame,
 Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day,
 When, scorn'd of Virtue, stigmatiz'd by Fame,
 Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay."
 "Henry," she said, "by thy dear form subdu'd,
 See the sad reliques of a nymph undone!

find, I find this rising sob renew'd ;
Sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.
Amid the dreary gloom of night I cry,
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return ?
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn.
Alas ! no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame,
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.
The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan :
All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.
If thro' the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,
Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,
"Hope not to find delight in us," they say,
"For we are spotless, Jessy ; we are pure."
Ye flow'rs ! that well reproach a nymph so frail,
How could ye with my virgin fame compare ?
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.
Now the grave old alarm the gentler young,
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee ;
Trembles each lip, and falters ev'ry tongue,
That bids the morn propitious smile on me.
Thus for your sake I shun each human eye,
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu ;
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.
Raise me from earth ; the pains of want remove,
And let me, silent, seek some friendly shore ;

There only, banish'd from the form I love,
 My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.
 Be but my friend ; I ask no dearer name ;
 Be such the meed of some more artful fair ;
 Nor could it heal my peace or chase my shame,
 That Pity gave what Love refus'd to share.

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread,
 Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew ;
 Not such the parent's board at which I fed !
 Not such the precepts from his lips I drew !
 Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
 Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil ;
 Envy may slight a face no longer fair,
 And Pity welcome to my native soil."

She spoke—nor was I born of savage race,
 Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign ;
 Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
 And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend,
 I saw her breast with every passion heave ;
 I left her—torn from ev'ry earthly friend ;
 Oh ! my hard bosom ! which could bear to leave !

Brief let me be ; the fatal storm arose ;
 The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain ;
 O'er the tall mast the circling surges close ;
 My Jessy—floats upon the wat'ry plain !
 And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay ;
 Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear ;
 But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
 From Jessy floating on her wat'ry bier !"



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ODES,

UPON A VISIT TO A LADY OF QUALITY.

In Winter, 1748.

On fair Asteria's blissful plains,
Where ever-blooming Fancy reigns,
How pleas'd we pass the winter's day,
And charm the dull-ey'd Spleen away!

No linnet from the leafless bough
Pours forth her note melodious now,
But all admire Asteria's tongue,
Nor wish the linnet's vernal song.

No flow'rs emit their transient rays
Yet sure Asteria's wit displays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with perennial beauty shines.

Tho' rifled groves and fetter'd streams
But ill befriend a poet's dreams,
Asteria's presence wakes the lyre,
And well supplies poetic fire.

The fields have lost their lovely dye,
No cheerful azure decks the sky,
Yet still we bless the low'ring day;
Asteria smiles—and all is gay.

Hence let the muse no more presume
To blame the winter's dreary gloom,
Accuse his loitering hours no more,
But, ah! their envious haste deplore.

Forsook from Wit and Friendship's reign,
The social hearth, the sprightly vein,

I go—to meet the coming year
On savage plains and deserts drear !
I go—to feed on pleasures flown,
Nor find the spring my loss atone ;
But 'mid the flow'ry sweets of May,
With pride recall this winter's day.

TO INDOLENCE.

1750.

Ah! why for ever on the wing
Persists my wearied soul to roam ?
Why, ever cheated, strives to bring
Or pleasure or contentment home ?
Thus the poor bird that draws his name
From Paradise's honour'd groves,
Careless fatigues his little frame,
Nor finds the resting-place he loves.
Lo! on the rural mossy bed
My limbs with careless ease reclin'd ;
Ah, gentle Sloth! indulgent spread
The same soft bandage o'er my mind.
For why should lingering thought invade,
Yet every worldly prospect cloy ?
Lend me, soft Sloth! thy friendly aid,
And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.
Lov'st thou yon' calm and silent flood,
That never ebbs, that never flows,
Protected by the circling wood
From each tempestuous wind that blows ?

An altar on its bank shall rise,
Where oft thy votary shall be found,
What time pale Autumn lulls the skies,
And sick'ning verdure fades around.
Ye busy race! ye factious train!
That haunt Ambition's guilty shrine,
No more perplex the world in vain,
But offer here your vows with mine.
And thou, puissant Queen! be kind;
If e'er I shar'd thy balmy power,
If e'er I sway'd my active mind
To weave for thee the rural bower;
Dissolve in sleep each anxious care,
Each unavailing sigh remove,
And only let me wake to share
The sweets of friendship and of love.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

somewhat too solicitous about her Manner of Expression.

Survey, my Fair! that lucid stream
Adown the smiling valley stray;
Would Art attempt, or Fancy dream,
To regulate its winding way?
So pleas'd I view'd thy shining hair,
In loose dishevell'd ringlets flow;
Not all thy art, not all thy care,
Can there one single grace bestow.
Survey again that verdant hill,
With native plants enamell'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmost skill
Instruct one flower to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
 To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose;
 And, oh! may Laura, ere she try,
 With fresh vermillion paint the rose.
 Hark how the woodlark's tuneful throat,
 Can ev'ry study'd grace excel;
 Let Art constrain the rambling note,
 And will she, Laura, please so well?
 Oh! ever keep thy native ease,
 By no pedantic law confin'd;
 For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
 So Laura's words be not unkind.

THE DYING KID.

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi

Prima fugit----- Virg.

Imitation.

Ah! wretched mortals wel---our brightest days
 On fleetest pinion fly.

A tear bedews my Delia's eye,
 To think yon' playful kid must die;
 From chrystal spring and flowry mead
 Must in his prime of life recede!
 Erewhile, in sportive circles round,
 Shesaw him wheel, and frisk, and bound,
 From rock to rock pursue his way,
 And on the fearful margin play.
 Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
 She saw him climb my rustic cell,
 Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
 And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells with what delight he stood,
To trace his features in the flood ;
Then skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze,
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed
He flew to hear my vocal reed ;
And how with critic face profound
And stedfast ear devour'd the sound.

His every frolic light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care ;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die.—

But knows my Delia, timely wise,
How soon this blameless era flies ?
While violence and craft succeed,
Unfair design, and ruthless deed ?

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more ;
Ah ! soon eras'd from every grove
Where Delia's name and Strephon's love.

No more those bowers might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee ;
No more those beds of flowerets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
His bosom, now so void of care ;
And when they left his ebbing vein,
What but insipid age remain ?

Then mourn not the decrees of Fate,
That gave his life so short a date ;
And I will join my tenderest sighs
To think that youth so swiftly flies !

SONGS.

I told my nymph, I told her true,
 My fields were small, my flocks were few ;
 While falt'ring accents spoke my fear,
 That Flavia might not prove sincere.
 Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
 And vagrant sheep that left my fold,
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear ;
 And is not Flavia then sincere ?
 How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
 The friends I lov'd became unkind,
 She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear ;
 And is not Flavia then sincere ?
 How, if she deign my love to bless,
 My Flavia must not hope for dress ;
 This, too, she heard, and smil'd to hear ;
 And Flavia, sure, must be sincere.
 Go shear your flocks, ye jovial Swains !
 Go reap the plenty of your plains ;
 Despoil'd of all which you revere,
 I know my Flavia's love 's sincere.

THE LANDSCAPE.

How pleas'd within my native bow'rs
 Ere while I pass'd the day !
 Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers ?
 Were ever flowers so gay ?

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How sweetly smil'd, the hill, the vale,
And all the landscape round !
The river gliding down the dale,
The hill with beeches crown'd !

But now, when urg'd by tender woes,
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see ;
That verdant hill and silver stream
Divide my love and me.

THE SKYLARK.

Go, tuneful bird ! that gladd'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way,
And there on quivering pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy martin song,
Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine ;
But ask the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine ?

Then bid her treat yon' witless beau,
And all his flaunting race, with scorn ;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise and sings forlorn.

Ah ! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
Optarem, quam te sic quoque velle putem.

Imitation.

Why should I wish to banish sore disease,
Unless returning health my Delia please ?

On every tree, in every plain,
I trace the jovial spring in vain ;
A sickly languor veils mine eyes,
And fast my waning vigour flies.
Nor flowery plain nor budding tree,
That smile on others, smile on me.
Mine eyes from death shall court repose,
Nor shed a tear before they close.
What bliss to me can seasons bring ?
Or what the needless pride of spring ?
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.
'T is true, my vine, so fresh and fair,
Might claim a while my wonted care ;
My rural store some pleasure yield,
So white a flock, so green a field !
My friends, that each in kindness vie,
Might well expect one parting sigh ;
Might well demand one tender tear ;
For when was Damon insincere ?
But ere I ask once more to view
Yon' setting sun his race renew,
Inform me, swains ! my friends ! declare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer ?

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

In four Parts.

Written in 1733.

Arbusta humilesque myricæ. *Virg.**Explanation.*

Groves and lowly shrubs.

I. ABSENCE.

Ye Shepherds! so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam,
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I:
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.
Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.
Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by

Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;
 But now they are past, and I sigh,
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.
 But why do I languish in vain ?
 Why wander thus pensively here ?
 Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?
 They tell me my favourite maid,
 The pride of that valley, is flown ;
 Alas ! where with her I have stray'd,
 I could wander with pleasure alone.
 When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
 What anguish I feel at my heart !
 Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
 'T was with pain that she saw me depart.
 She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew ;
 My path I could hardly discern :
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.
 The pilgrim that journey all day
 To visit some far-distant shrine,
 If he bear but a relique away,
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
 Soft hope is the relique I bear,
 And my solace wherever I go,

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II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains, all border'd with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green
But a sweet briar entwines it around:
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.

O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair ;
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed :
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young ;
 I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.
 I have heard her with sweetness unfold
 How that pity was due to—a dove ;
 That it ever attended the bold,
 And she call'd it the sister of love.
 But her words such a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she say,
 Methinks I should love her the more.
 Can a bosom so gentle remain
 Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs !
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
 These plains and this valley despise ?
 Dear regions of silence and shade !
 Soft scenes of contentment and ease !
 Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
 If aught in her absence could please.
 But where does my Phyllida stray ?
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs ?
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle, as ours ?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the vallies as fine,
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

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III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave,
With her wit she engages the free,
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.
O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays!
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown,
—But I cannot allow her to smile.
For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how with one trivial glance
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—Oh! may Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound!
'T is his with mock passion to glow;
'T is his in smooth tales to unfold
“How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.”

To the grove or the garden he strays,
 And pillages ev'ry sweet,
 Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
 He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
 "O Phyllis!" he whispers, "more fair,
 More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r!
 What are pinks in a morn to compare?
 What is eglantine after a show'r?
 Then the lily no longer is white,
 Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom,
 Then the violets die with despight,
 And the woodbines give up their perfume."
 Thus glide the soft numbers along,
 And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
 —Yet I never should envy the song,
 Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.
 Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
 So Phyllis the trophy depise;
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
 The language that flows from the heart
 Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
 —Yet may she beware of his art,
 Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds! give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep;
 They have nothing to do but to stray,
 I have nothing to do but to weep.
 Yet do not my folly reprove;
 She was fair—and my passion begun;
 She smil'd—and I could not but love;
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

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Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire,
It banishes wisdom the while,
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree;
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods! spread your branches apace,
 To your deepest recesses I fly,
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
 I would vanish from every eye.
 Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
 With the same sad complaint it begun;
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love!
 Was faithless, and I am undone!

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

A Ballad, alluding to a Story recorded of her, when she was prisoner
 at Woodstock, 1554.

Will you hear how once repining
 Great Eliza captive lay,
 Each ambitious thought resigning,
 Foe to riches pomp and sway?
 While the nymphs and swains delighted
 Tripp'd around in all their pride,
 Envyng joys by others slighted,
 Thus the royal maiden cry'd:
 "Bred on plains or born in vallies,
 Who would bid those scenes adieu?
 Stranger to the arts of malice,
 Who would ever courts pursue?
 Malice never taught to treasure,
 Censure never taught to bear,
 Love is all the shepherd's pleasure,
 Love is all the damsel's care.
 How can they of humble station
 Vainly blame the powers above?"

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Or accuse the dispensation
Which allows them all to love ?

Love, like air, is widely given ;
Power nor Chance can these restrain ;
Truest, noblest, gifts of Heaven !
Only purest on the plain !

Peers can no such charms discover,
All in stars and garters drest,
As on Sundays does the lover
With his nosegay on his breast.

Pinks and roses in profusion,
Said to fade when Cloe's near ;

Fops may use the same allusion,
But the shepherd is sincere.

Hark to yonder milkmaid singing
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail,
Cowslips all around her springing
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move so sprightly, look so fair ;
Never breast with jewels laden
Pour a song so void of care.

Would indulgent Heaven had granted
Me some rural damsel's part !

All the empire I had wanted
Then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then with him o'er hills and mountains
Free from fetters might I rove ;

Fearless taste the crystal fountains,
Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rustics had been more forgiving,
Partial to my virgin bloom ;

None had envy'd me when living,
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

NANCY OF THE VALE.

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ!
Candidior cygnis! hедера formosior alba!

Imitation.

O Galatea! Nereus' blooming child,
More sweet than thyme by Hybla's* bees exhal'd,
Fairer than swans, more beauteous to behold
Than ivory's purest white.

The western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray,
And flocks, reviving felt no more
The sultry heats of day;
When from an hazle's artless bower
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bless'd the scene, he bless'd the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.
"Let fops with fickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love,
While weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden every grove:
But endless blessings crown the day
I saw fair Esham's dale!
And every blessing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.
'T was from Avona's banks the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams,

* Hybla, a mountain in Sicily, famous for producing the finest honey.

And every shining glance display'd
The Naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
That floats on Avon's tide ;
Bright as the water-lily, sprung,
And glitt'ring near its side.

Fresh as the bord'ring flowers, her bloom ;
Her eye, all mild to view ;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
Sotaper, straight and fair :
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were !

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
This peerless bud I found,
And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That Nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet ;
Or Fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet !

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline : "

" Prove to your equals true," she cry'd,
" As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
Has won my right good will,
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill."

" Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair ;

To her alone I gave my youth,
 And vow my future care.
 And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I those charms forego,
 The stream that saw our tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow."

JEMMY DAWSON.

Written about the Time of his Execution, in the Year 1745.

Come listen to my mournful tale,
 Ye tender hearts and lovers dear!
 Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
 Nor need you blush to shed a tear.
 And thou, dear Kitty! peerless maid!
 Do thou a pensive ear incline,
 For thou canst weep at every woe,
 And pity every plaint—but mine.
 Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
 A brighter never trod the plain,
 And well he lov'd one charming maid,
 And dearly was he lov'd again.
 One tender maid, she lov'd him dear;
 Of gentle blood the damsel came;
 And faultless was her beauteous form,
 And spotless was her virgin fame.
 But curse on party's hateful strife,
 That led the favour'd youth astray,
 That day the rebel clans appear'd;
 O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
 And in the fatal dress was found ;
 And now he must that death endure,
 Which gives the brave the keenest wound.
 How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
 When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear !
 For never yet did Alpine snows
 So pale; or yet so chill, appear.
 With faltering voice she, weeping said,
 "O Dawson! monarch of my heart !
 Think not thy death shall part our loves,
 For thou and I will never part.
 Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
 And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
 O George! without a prayer for thee
 My orisons should never close.
 The gracious prince that gave him life
 Would crown a never-dying flame,
 And every tender babe I bore,
 Should learn to lisp the giver's name.
 But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
 To yonder ignominious tree,
 He shall not want one constant friend,
 To share the cruel Fate's decree,"
 O! then her mourning-coach was call'd ;
 The sledge mov'd slowly on before ;
 Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
 She had not lov'd her favourite more,
 She follow'd him prepar'd to view
 The terrible behests of law,
 And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
 With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face
Which she had fondly lov'd so long,
And stifled was that tuneful breath
Which in her praise had sweetly sung :
And sever'd was that beauteous neck
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd ;
And mangled was that beauteous breast.
On which her love-sick head repos'd :
And ravish'd was that constant heart
She did to ev'ry heart prefer ;
For tho' it could its king forget,
'T was true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see ;
But when 't was moulder'd into dust,
" Yet, yet," she cry'd, " I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can shew
The pure and lasting love I bore :
Accept, O heav'n ! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd ;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

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LEVITIES.

ON CERTAIN PASTORALS.

So rude and tuneless are thy lays,
 The weary audience vow,
 'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
 But 'tis his herds that low.

THE EXTENT OF COOKERY.

Aliusque et idem.

Explanation.

Another and the same.

When Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
 A plain brown bob he wore,
 Read much, and look'd as tho' he meant
 To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's-Inn repair,
 His resolution flag,
 He cherishes a length of hair,
 And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
 But gets into the House,
 And soon a judge's rank rewards
 His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye Bobs! ye Bags, give place!
 Full-bottoms come instead;

Good Lord ! to see the various ways
Of dressing a calf's head !

THE PRICE OF AN EQUIPAGE.

Servum si potes, Ole, non habere,
Et regem potes, Ole, non habere.

Mart.

" If thou from Fortune dost no servant crave,
" Believe me thou no master need'st to have."

I ask'd a friend, amidst the throng,
Whose coach it was that trail'd along ?
" The gilded coach there,—don't ye mind !
That with the footmen stuck behind."

" O sir !" says he, " what ha' n't you seen it ?
'T is Damon's coach, and Damon in it.
'T is odd, methinks, you have forgot
Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not !
Your old acquaintānce, Damon !"—" True ;
But 'faith his equipage is new."

" Bless me !" said I, " where can it end ?
What madness has possess'd my friend ?
Four powder'd slaves, and those the tallest,
Their stomachs, doubtless, not the smallest !
Can Damon's revenue maintain,
In lace and food so large a train ?
I know his land—each inch o' ground—
'T is not a mile to walk it round—
If Damon's whole estate can bear
To keep his lad and one horse chair,
I own 't is past my comprehension."

" Yes, sir ; but Damon has a pension—"
Thus does a false ambition rule us,
Thus pomp delude and folly fool us ;

To keep a race of flick'ring knaves,
He grows himself the worst of slaves.

HINT FROM VOITURE.

Let sol his annual journies run,
And when the radiant task is done,
Confess thro' all the globe, 't would pose him
To match the charms that Celia shews him.
And should he boast he once had seen
As just a form, as bright a mien,
Yet must it still for ever pose him
To match—what Celia never shows him.

THE CHARMS OF PRECEDENCE.

A Tale.

"Sir, will you please to walk before?"
"No, pray sir,—you are next the door."
"—Upon mine honour I'll not stir—"
"Sir, I'm at home; consider, sir—"
"Excuse me, sir; I'll not go first."
"Well, if I must be rude, I must—"
"But yet I wish I could evade it—"
"'T is strangely clownish, be persuaded—"
Go forward, Cits! go forward, Squires!
Nor scruple each what each admires.
Lifesquares not, friends! with your proceeding,
It flies while you display your breeding;
Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
Or some old dancing-master teaches.

O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
 Half crazy, or, at least half mellow,
 To come behind you unawares,
 And fairly push you both down stairs!
 But Death's at hand—let me advise ye,
 Go forward, friends! or he'll surprise ye.

Besides, how insincere you are!

Do ye not flatter, lie, forswear,
 And daily cheat, and weekly pray,
 And all for this—to lead the way?



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MORAL PIECES.

LOVE AND HONOUR.

Sed neque Medorum sylvæ, ditissima terra
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hæmus,
Laudibus Angligenum certent; non Bactra, nec Indi,
Totaque turriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.

Imitation.

Yet not Median woods (abundant tract!)
Nor Ganges * fair, nor Hæmus, † miser-like
Proud of his boarded gold, presume to vie
With Britain's boast and praise; nor Persian Bactra, ‡
Nor India's coasts, nor all Panchaia's § sands,
Rich, and exulting in their lofty towers.

Let the green olive glad Hesperian shores;
Her tawny citron and her orange groves,
These let Iberia boast; but if in vain
To win the stranger plant's diffusive smile
The Briton labours, yet our native minds,
Our constant bosoms, these the dazzled world
May view with envy; these, Iberian dames
Survey with fix'd esteem and fond desire.

Hapless Elvira! thy disastrous fate
May well this truth explain, nor ill adorn
The British lyre; then chiefly if the muse,
Nor vain, nor partial, from the simple guise
Of ancient record catch the pensive lay,

* Ganges, the greasiest river which divides the Indies into two parts,

† Hæmus, an high mountain dividing Thrace and Thessaly.

‡ Bactra, the Bactrians, provincials of Persia.

§ Panchaia, a country of Arabia Felix, fruitful in frankincense and various spices; remarkable also for its many towers and lofty buildings.

And in less groveling accents give to fame.
 Elvira! lovliest maid! th' Iberian realm
 Could boast no purer breast, no sprightlier mind,
 No race more splendid, and no form so fair.
 Such was the chance of war, this peerless maid,
 In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the spoil
 Of British victors, victory's noblest pride!
 She, she alone, amid the wailful train
 Of captive maids, assign'd to Henry's care,
 Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame!

He, gen'rous youth! with no penurious hand
 The tedious moments that unjoyous roll
 Where Freedom's cheerful radiance shines no more,
 Essay'd to soften; conscious of the pang
 That Beauty feels, to waste its fleeting hours
 In some dim fort, by foreign rule restrained,
 Far from the haunts of men or eye of day!
 Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its cares,
 Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils
 Himself had worn; the frowns of angry seas,
 Or hostile rage, or faithless friend, more fell
 Than storm or foe; if haply she might find
 Her cares diminish'd: fruitless fond essay!
 Now to her lovely hand, with modest awe,
 The tender lute he gave; she, not averse,
 Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand
 Call'd forth angelic strains; the sacred debt
 Of gratitude, she said, whose just commands
 Still might her hand with equal pride obey!

Nor to the melting sounds the nymph refus'd
 Her vocal art; harmonious as the strain
 Of some imprison'd lark, who, daily cheer'd
 By guardian cares, repays them with a song,

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Nor droops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.

The song, not artless, had she fram'd to paint

Disastrous passion; how, by tyrant laws

Of idiot custom sway'd, some soft-ey'd fair

Lov'd only one, nor dar'd that love reveal!

How the soft anuguish banish'd from her cheek

The damask rose full-blown; a fever came,

And from her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale:

Then swift as light, he sought the love-lorn maid,

But vainly sought her, torn by swifter fate

To join the tenants of the myrtle shade,

Love's mournful victims on the plains below.

Sometimes, as Fancy spoke the pleasing task,

She taught her artful needle to display

The various pride of spring; then swift upsprung

Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and rose:

There might you see on gentle toils intent,

A train of busy loves; some pluck the flow'r,

Some twine the garland, some with grave grimace

Around a vacant warrior cast the wreath.

'T was paint, 't was life! and sure to piercing eyes

The warrior's face depictur'd Henry's mien.

Now had the gen'rous chief with joy perus'd

The royal scroll, which to their native home

Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,

Restor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haste

To glad his fair Elvira's ear he sprung,

Fir'd by the bliss he panted to convey;

But fir'd in vain! Ah! what was his amaze,

His fond distress, when o'er her pallid face

Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeless hand

Down dropt the myrtle's fair unfinish'd flow'r!

Speechless she stood; at length with accents faint,

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"Well may my native shore," she said, "resound
Thy monarch's praise; and ere Elvira prove
Of thine forgetful, flow'rs shall cease to feel
The fost'ring breeze, and nature change her laws!"

And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd
The British host. Around the smiling youths
Call'd to their native scenes, with willing haste
Their fleet unmoor, impatient of the love
That weds each bosom to its native soil.
The patriot passion! strong in ev'ry clime,
How justly theirs, who find no foreign sweets
To dissipate their loves or match their own.

Not so Elvira! she disastrous maid!
Was doubly captive! pow'r nor chance could loose
The subtle bands; she lov'd her gen'rous foe.
She, where her Henry dwelt, her Henry smil'd,
Could term her native shore; her native shore
By him deserted, some unfriendly strand,
Strange, bleak, forlorn, a desert waste and wild.
The fleet careen'd, the wind propitious fill'd
The swelling sails, the glitt'ring transports wav'd
Their pennants gay, and halcyon's azure wing
With flight auspicious skimm'd the placid main.

On her lone couch in tears Elvira lay,
And chid th' officious wind, the tempting sea,
And wish'd a storm as merciless as tore
Her lab'ring bosom. Fondly now she strove
To banish passion; now the vassal days,
The captive moments, that so smoothly past,
By many an art recall'd; now from her lute
With trembling fingers call'd the fav'rite sounds
Which Henry deign'd to praise; and now essay'd
With mimic chains of silken fillets wove,

paint her captive state ; if any fraud
ought to her love the pleasing scenes prolong,
and with the dear idea feast the soul.

But now the chief return'd, prepar'd to launch
the ocean's willing breast, and bid adieu
to his fair prisoner. She, soon as she heard
his hated errand, now no more conceal'd
the raging flame, but with a spreading blush
and rising sigh the latent pang disclos'd.

" Yes, gen'rous youth ! I see thy bosom glow
With virtuous transport, that the task is thine
to solve my chains, and to my weeping friends,
and ev'ry longing relative, restore
the soft-eye'd maid, a mild offenceless prey !

But know, my Soldier ! never youthful mind,
torn from the lavish joys of wild expence
by him he loath'd, and in a dungeon bound
to languish out his bloom, could match the pains
This ill-starr'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.

" What call I freedom ? Is it that these limbs,
from rigid bolts secure, may wander far
from him I love ? Alas ! ere I may boast
That sacred blessing, some superior pow'r
To mortal kings, to sublunary thrones,
Must loose my passion, must unchain my soul :
Ev'n that I loath ; all liberty I loath !

But most the joyless privilege to gaze
With cold indifference where desert is love.

" True, I was born an alien to those eyes
I ask alone to please, my fortune's crime !
And, ah ! this flatter'd form, by dress endear'd
To Spanish eyes, by dress may thine offend,
Whilst I, ill-fated maid ! ordain'd to strive

With custom's load, beneath its weight expire:

“ Yet Henry's beauties knew in foreign garb
To vanquish me: his form, howe'er disguis'd,
To me were fatal! No fantastic robe
That e'er Caprice invented, Custom wore,
Or Folly smil'd on, could eclipse thy charms.

“ Perhaps by birth decreed, by Fortune placed
Thy country's foe, Elvira's warmest plea
Seems but the subtler accent fraud inspires;
My tenderest glances but the specious flow'rs
That shade the viper while she plots her wound.
And can the trembling candidate of love
Awake thy fears? and can a female breast,
By ties of grateful duty bound, ensnare?
Is there no brighter mien, no softer smile
For Love to wear, to dark deceit unknown?
Heav'n search my soul; and if thro' all its cells
Lurk the pernicious drop of poisonous guile,
Full on my fenceless head its phial'd wrath
May Fate exhaust, and for my happiest hour
Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee!

“ Ah me! nor Henry's, nor his country's foe,
On thee I gaz'd, and Reason soon dispell'd
Dim Error's gloom, and to thy favor'd isle
Assign'd its total merit, unrestrain'd.
Oh! lovely region to the candid eye!
'T was there my fancy saw the Virtues dwell,
The Loves, the Graces, play; and bless'd the soil
That nurtur'd thee! for sure the Virtues form'd
Thy gen'rous breast, the Loves, the Graces; plann'd
Thy shapely limbs. Relation, birth, essay'd
Their partial pow'r in vain; again I gaz'd,
And Albion's isle appear'd amidst a tract

Of savage wastes, the darling of the skies!
And thou by Nature form'd, by Fate assign'd,
To paint the genius of thy native shore.
" 'T is true, with flow'rs, with many a dazzling scene
Of burnish'd plants, to lure a female eye,
Iberia glows; but ah! the genial sun
That gilds the lemon's fruit, or scents the flow'r,
On Spanish minds, a nation's nobler boast!
Beams forth ungentle influences. There
His Jealousy enthron'd, and at each ray
Exultant lights his slow-consuming fires.
Not such thy charming region; long before
My sweet experience taught me to decide
Of English worth, the sound had pleas'd mine ear.
Is there that savage coast, that rude sojourn,
Stranger to British worth? the worth which forms
The kindest friends; the most tremendous foes;
First, best supports of liberty and love!
No, let subjected India, while she throws
O'er Spanish deeds the veil, your praise resound.
Long as I heard, or ere in story read
Of English fame, my biass'd partial breast
Wish'd them success; and, happiest she, I cry'd,
Of women happiest she, who shares the love,
The fame, the virtues, of an English lord.
And now what shall I say? Blest be the hour
Your fair-built vessels touch'd th' Iberian shore:
Blest did I say the time? If I may bless
That lov'd event, let Henry's smiles declare.
Our hearts and cities won, will Henry's youth
Forego its nobler conquest? will he slight
The soft endearments of the lovlier spoil?
And yet Iberia's sons, with ev'ry vow

Of lasting faith, have sworn these humble charms
Were not excell'd; the source of all their pains,
And love her just desert, who sues for love,
But sues to thee, while natives sigh in vain.

"Perhaps in Henry's eye (for vulgar minds
Dissent from his) it spreads an hateful stain
On honest Fame, amid his train to bear
A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth!
Not Love himself, with all the pointed pains
That store his quiver, shall seduce my soul
From honour's laws. Elvira once deny'd
A consort's name, more swift than lightning flies,
When elements discordant vex the sky,
Shall, blushing, from the form she loves retire.

"Yet if the specious wish the vulgar voice
Has titled Prudence, sways a soul like thine,
In gems or gold what proud Iberian dame
Eclipses me? Nor paint the dreary storms
Or hair-breadth 'scapes that haunt the boundless deep,
And force from tender eyes the silent tear;
When Memory to the pensive maid suggests,
In full contrast, the safe domestic scene
For these resign'd. Beyond the frantic rage
Of conqu'ring heroes brave, the female mind,
When steel'd by love, in Love's most horrid way
Beholds not danger, or, beholding, scorns.
Heav'n take my life, but let it crown my love!"

She ceas'd, and ere his words her fate decreed,
Impatient watch'd the language of his eyes:
There Pity dwelt, and from its tender sphere
Sent looks of love, and faithless hopes inspir'd.

"Forgive me, gen'rous maid!" the youth return'd,
'If by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore
To let such sweetness plead, alas! in vain!

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Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield
Of solid bliss, or happiest love bestow :
But ere from native shores I plough'd the main,
To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms
Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave ;
To guard my faith, whatever chance should wait
My warring sword : if conquest, fame, and spoil,
Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour
The glitt'ring treasure, and the laurel wreath,
Enjoying conquest then, and fame and spoil :
If fortune frown'd adverse, and death forbade
The blissful union, with my latest breath
To dwell on Medway's and Maria's name.
This ardent vow deep-rooted, from my soul
No dangers tore; this vow my bosom fir'd
To conquer danger, and the spoil enjoy.
Her shall I leave, with fair events elate,
Who crown'd my humblest fortune with her love ?
Her shall I leave, who now, perchance, alone
Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my slow return ?
And shall that vessel, whose approaching sails
Shall swell her breast with ecstacies, convey
Death to her hopes, and anguish to her soul ?
No ! may the deep my villain-corse devour,
If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal,
If all the charms Iberian maids disclose,
If thine, Elvira, thine, uniting all !
Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breast
Demand what honour, faith, and love denies.”
“ Oh ! happy she,” rejoin'd the pensive maid,
“ Who shares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love !
And be she happy ! thy distinguish'd choice
Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.

Farewell my luckless hopes! my flatt'ring dreams
 Of rapturous days! my guilty suit, farewell!
 Yet, fond howe'er my plea, or deep the wound
 That waits my fame, let not the random shaft
 Of Censure pierce with me th' Iberian dames;
 They love with caution, and with happier stars.
 And oh! by pity mov'd, restrain the taunts
 Of levity, nor brand Elvira's flame;
 By merit rais'd, by gratitude approv'd,
 By hope confirm'd, with artless truth reveal'd,
 Let, let me say, but for one matchless maid
 Of happier birth, with mutual ardour crown'd.

"These radiant gems, which burnish happiness,
 But mock misfortune, to thy fav'rite's hand
 With care convey. And well may such adorn
 Her cheerful front, who finds in thee alone
 The source of ev'ry transport, but disgrace
 My pensive breast, which, doom'd to lasting woe,
 In thee the source of ev'ry bliss resigns.

"And now farewell, thou darling youth! the gem
 Of English merit! peace, content, and joy,
 And tender hopes, and young desires, farewell!
 Attend, ye smiling train! this gallant mind
 Back to his native shores; there sweetly smooth
 His evening pillow, dance around his groves,
 And where he treads with violets paint his way!
 But leave Elvira! leave her, now no more
 Your frail companion! In the sacred cells
 Of some lone cloister let me shroud my shame;
 There to the matin bell, obsequious, pour
 My constant orisons. The wanton loves
 And gay desires shall spy the glimm'ring tow'rs,
 And wing their flight aloof: but rest confirm'd,

That never shall Elvira's tongue conclude
Her shortest pray'r, ere Henry's dear success
The warmest accent of her zeal employ."

Thus spoke the weeping fair, whose artless mind,
Impartial, scorn'd to model her esteem
By native customs, dress, and face, and air,
And manners, less; nor yet resolv'd in vain.
He, bound by prior love, the solemn vow
Giv'n and receiv'd, to soft compassion gave
A tender tear; then with that kind adieu
Esteem could warrant, weary'd heav'n with pray'rs
To shield that tender breast he left forlorn.

He ceas'd, and to the cloister's pensive scene
Elvira shap'd her solitary way.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

AN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

*Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo.*

Virg.

Imitation.

And mingled sounds and infant plaints we hear,
That pierce the entrance shrill, and wound the tender ear.

Advertisement.

What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper for the author's imitation on this occasion, are his language, his simplicity, his manner of description, and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment remarkable throughout his works.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise,

Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:
 Lend me thy clarion, Goddess! let me try
 To sound the praise of Merit ere it dies,
 Such as I oft' have chaunced to espy
 Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.
 In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire,
 Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
 There dwells in lowly shed and mean attire,
 A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
 They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
 Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame;
 And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
 For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd are sorely shent.
 And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
 Which Learning near her little dome did stowe,
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
 Tho' now so wide its varying branches flow,
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
 But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;
 And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
 And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.
 So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
 A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd,
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast:
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
 Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
 Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gamboles do display,
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.
Her cap, far whiter than the driven snowe,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for scepter she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust and sad repentance fill'd,
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.
Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
The childish faces of old Æol's train,
Libs, Notus, Auster*; these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the reign?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell
Where comely Peace of Mind and decent Order dwell.
A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'T was simple russet, but it was her own;
'T was her own country bred the flock so fair;

* The south-west wind, south, &c.. &c.

'T was her own labour did the fleece prepare ;
 And, sooth to say, her pupils rang'd around,
 Thro' pious awe, did term it passing rare,
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on
 ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,
 Goody, good-woman, gossip, ne aunt, forsooth,
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;
 Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear ;
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove
 Who should not honour'd eld with these revere ;
 For never title yet so mean could prove,
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.
 One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
 Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came ;
 Such favour did her past deportment claim ;
 And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;
 For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.
 Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
 That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew,
 Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
 But herbs for use and physic, not a few,
 Of grey renown, within those borders grew ;
 The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
 Frash baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
 The lowly gill, that never dares to climb ;
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Let euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marjorum sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare per-
fume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.
Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere;
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling
dwell.

Here oft' the dame, on sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 't were, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to
sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd muchtime in truly virtuous deed;

And in those elfins' ears would oft' deplore
 The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,
 And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
 And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
 That nould on wooden image place her creed;
 And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did burn:
 Ah! dearest Lord! forefend thilk days should e'er re-
 turn.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
 By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
 In which, when he receives his diadem,
 Our sov'reign prince and liefest liege is placed,
 The matron sate; and some with rank she grac'd,
 (The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd,
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.
 Right well she knew each temper to descry,
 To thwart the proud, and the submissive to raise,
 Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
 And some entice with pittance small of praise;
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
 Ev'n absent, she the reigns of pow'r doth hold,
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
 'T will whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.
 Lo, now with state she utters the command!
 Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair,
 Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,
 Which with pellucid horn secured are,
 To save from finger wet the letters fair;
 The work so gay, that on their back is seen,

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St. George's high achievements does declare,
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!

As erst the bard * by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft' has he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite;
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop, appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure
His little sister doth his peril see;
All playful as she sate she grows demure,
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a pray'r to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command,
And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.

On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)

She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?

* Spenser.

The form uncouth of his disguised face ?
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?
 The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain ?
 When he in abject wise implores the dame,
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain,
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,
 And thro' the thatch his cries each falling stroke pro-
 claim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay
 Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care ;
 By turns, astoni'd, every twig survey,
 And from their fellows' hateful wounds beware,
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share ;
 Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
 Whence oft' with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,
 And gingerbread y-rare, now, certes, doubly sweet !
 See to their seats they hye with merry glee,
 And in beseemly order sitten there,
 All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
 Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and chair,
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair)
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
 Convulsions intermitting ! does declare
 His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest,
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.
 His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
 His blooming face that seems a purple flower,
 Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
 All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal shower.
 O the hard bosoms of despotic power !
 All, all, but she, the author of his shame,

All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour ;
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower, shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.
Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff ! pines,
Ne for his fellows, joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns,
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines ;
And many a sullen look askaunce is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs ;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.
Ah me ! how much I fear lest pride it be !
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames ! with nice discernment see,
Ye quench not, too, the sparks of nobler fires ;
Ah ! better far than all the Muse's lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat ;
The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot'soul ; more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.
Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !
Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die !
Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starvling elf ! his paper kite may fly.
And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,

Shall Dennis be! if rigid Fate incline,
 And many an epic to his rage shall yield,
 And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
 And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
 As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
 Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer,
 And furls his wrinkly front and cries, "What stuff is
 here!"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,
 And Liberty unbars her prison-door,
 And like a rushing torrent, out they fly,
 And now the grassy cirque had cover'd o'er
 With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
 Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
 For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.
 Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers,
 For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
 For never may ye taste more careless hours
 In knightly castles or in ladies' bowers.
 O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
 But most in courts, where proud ambition towers!
 Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
 Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.
 See in each sprite some various bent appear!
 These rudely carol most incondite lay;
 Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
 Salute the stranger passing on his way;
 Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,

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With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's savory cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.
Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen;
And gooseb'rie, clad in liv'ry red or green;
And here of lovely dye the Cath'rine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween;
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care!
See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,
And must be bought, tho' penury betide;
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown:
And here, each season, do those cakes abide,
Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,
Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.*
Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

* Shrewsbury cakes.

THE JUDGMENT OF HERCULES.

While blooming Spring descends from genial skies,
 By whose mild influence instant wonders rise,
 From whose soft breath Elysian beauties flow
 The sweets of Hagley, or the pride of Stowe,
 Will Lyttelton the rural landscape range,
 Leave noisy fame, and not regret the change?
 Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early scenes,
 And learn a moral from the rising greens?
 There, warm'd alike by Sol's enliv'ning pow'r,
 The weed, aspiring, emulates the flow'r;
 The drooping flow'r its fairer charms display'd,
 Invites from grateful hands their generous aid;
 Soon, if none check th' invasive foe's designs,
 The lively lustre of these scenes declines!

'T is thus the spring of youth, the morn of life,
 Rears in our minds the rival seeds of strife:
 Then passion riots, reason then contends,
 And on the conquest ev'ry bliss depends:
 Life from the nice decision takes its hue,
 And blest those judges who decide like you!
 On worthlike their's shall ev'ry bliss attend,
 The world their fav'rite, and the world their friend.

There are who, blind to thought's fatiguing ray,
 As fortune gives examples urge their way;
 Nor virtue's foes, tho' they her paths decline,
 And scarce her friends, tho' with her friends they join;
 In her's or vice's casual road advance,
 Thoughtless, the sinners or the saints of Chance!
 Yet some more nobly scorn the vulgar voice,
 With judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice,

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When ripen'd thought, when reason born to reign,
Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein;
While passion's lawless tides at their command,
Glide thro' more useful tracts, and bless the land.

Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind,
By learning strengthen'd, and by taste refin'd,
In virtue's cause essay'd its earliest pow'rs,
Chose virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with
flow'rs :

The first alarm'd, if freedom waves her wings,
The fittest to adorn each art she brings;
Lov'd by that prince whom every virtue fires,
Prais'd by that bard whom ev'ry muse inspires;
Bless'd in the tuneful art, the social flame;
In all that wins, in all that merits fame!

'T was youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspir'd,
When great Alcides to a grove retir'd :
Thro' the lone windings of a devious glade,
Resign'd to thought, with ling'ring steps he stray'd;
Blest with a mind to taste sincerer joys,
Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise,
Dubious he stray'd with wav'ring thoughts possess'd,
Alternate passions struggling shar'd his breast;
The various arts which human cares divide,
In deep attention all his mind employ'd;
Anxious, if fame an equal bliss secur'd,
Or silent ease with softer charms allur'd.
The sylvan choir, whose numbers sweetly flow'd,
The fount that murmur'd, and the flow'rs that blow'd;
The silver flood that in meanders led
His glitt'ring streams along th' enliven'd mead;
The soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd,
Which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind;

In vain! while distant, on a summit rais'd,
Th' imperial tow'rs of fame attractive blaz'd.

While thus he trac'd thro' Fancy's puzzling maze
The sep'rate sweets of pleasure and of praise,
Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
And a new lustre gain'd upon the shade:
At once before his wond'ring eyes were seen
Two female forms, of more than mortal mien;
Various their charms, and in their dress and face
Each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace.
This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,
The simple sweets of innocence endear'd:
Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye,
Shew'd native merit mix'd with modesty;
Her air diffus'd a mild yet awful ray,
Severely sweet, and innocently gay.
Such the chaste image of the martial maid,
In artless folds of virgin white array'd!
She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,
Her blushing cheeks, that sham'd the purple morn.
Her charms nor had nor wanted artful foils,
Or study'd gestures, or well-practis'd smiles;
She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less;
She prov'd th' engaging chastity of dress;
And while she chose in native charms to shine,
Ev'n thus she seem'd, nay, more than seem'd, divine.
One modest emerald clasp'd the robe she wore,
And in her hand th' imperial sword she bore.
Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,
And match'd the awful honours of her face.
The shrubs, the flow'rs, that deck'd the verdant
ground,
Seem'd, where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd;

Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd ;
She pleas'd while distant, but when near she charm'd.
It strikes the gazer's eye the silver gleam
That, glitt'ring, quivers o'er a distant stream ;
But from its banks we see new beauties rise,
And in its crystal bosom trace the skies.
With other charms the rival vision glow'd,
And from her dress her tinsel beauties flow'd.
A flutt'ring robe her pamper'd shape conceal'd
And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd :
Its form contriv'd her faulty size to grace,
Its hue to give fresh lustre to her face.
Her plaited hair, disguis'd, with brilliants glar'd ;
Her cheeks the ruby's neighb'ring lustre shar'd ;
The gaudy topaz lent its gay supplies,
And ev'ry gem that strikes less curious eyes ;
Expos'd her breasts, with foreign sweets perfum'd,
And round her brow a roseate garland bloom'd.
Soft smiling blushing lips conceal'd her wiles ;
Yet, ah ! the blushes artful as the smiles.
Oft gazing on her shade, th' enraptur'd fair
Decreed the substance well deserv'd her care ;
Her thoughts, to others' charms malignly blind,
Center'd in that, and were to that confin'd ;
And if on others' eyes a glance were thrown,
'Twas but to watch the influence of her own :
Much like her guardian, fair Cythera's queen,
When for her warrior she refines her mien
Or when, to bless her Delian fav'rite's arms,
The radiant fair invigorates her charms :
Much like her pupil, Egypt's sportive dame,
Her dress expressive, and her air the same,
When her gay bark o'er silver Cydnos roll'd,

And all th' emblazon'd streamers wav'd in gold.
 Such shone the vision, nor forbore to move
 The fond contagious airs of lawless love.
 Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,
 And amorous dimples on each cheek conspir'd.
 Lifeless her gait, and slow ; with seeming pain
 She dragg'd her loit'ring limbs along the plain,
 Yet made some faint efforts and first approach'd
 the swain.

So glaring draughts, with tawdry lustre bright,
 Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight ;
 More slowly charms a Raphael's chaster air,
 Waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's care.

Wrapp'd in a pleas'd suspense, the youth survey'd
 The various charms of each attractive maid ;
 Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,
 And found, alternate, varying flames inspir'd.
 Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran,
 When she who first approach'd him, first began :

“ Hither, dear boy ! direct thy wand'ring eyes ;
 'T is here the lovely vale of Pleasure lies :
 Debate no more, to me thy life resign ;
 Each sweet which nature can diffuse is mine :
 For me the nymph diversifies her pow'r,
 Springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flow'r ;
 To please my ear she tunes the linnet's strains ;
 To please my eye with lilies paints the plains ;
 To form my couch in mossy beds she grows ;
 To gratify my smell perfumes the rose ;
 Reveals the fair, the fertile scene you see,
 And swells the vegetable world for me.
 Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
 Where bleed the many to enrich the few ;

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Where Chance from Courage claims the boasted prize;
Where, tho' she give, your country oft' denies
Industrious thou shalt Cupid's wars maintain,
And ever gently fight his soft campaign;
His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure,
Yet only suffer to enjoy the cure.

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Yield but to me—a choir of nymphs shall rise
And fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish'd eyes:
Their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear,
A brighter lily on their necks appear;
Where fondly thou thy favour'd head shalt rest,
Soft as the down that swells the cygnet's nest;
While Philomel in each soft voice complains,
And gently lulls thee with mellifluous strains;
Whilst with each accent sweetest odours flow,
And spicy gums round ev'ry bosom glow.
Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire,
Shall in such luxury of sweets expire.

At sloth let war's victorious sons exclaim,
In vain! for Pleasure is my real name:
Nor envy thou the head with bays o'ergrown;
No, seek thou roses to adorn thy own;
For well each opening scene that claims my care,
Suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear.

“ Let others prune the vine; the genial bowl
Shall crown thy table and enlarge thy soul.
Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,
So the gay produce glitter still on thine.
Indulgent Bacchus loads his lab'ring tree,
And, guarding, gives its clust'ring sweets to me.
For my lov'd train Apollo's piercing beam
Darts thro' the passive glebe, and frames the gem.
See in my cause consenting gods employ'd,

Nor slight those gods, their blessings unenjoy'd,
 For thee the poplar shall its amber drain;
 For thee in clouded beauty spring the cane;
 Some costly tribute ev'ry clime shall pay,
 Some charming treasure ev'ry wind convey;
 Each object round some pleasing scene shall yield,
 Art build thy dome, while Nature decks thy field;
 Of Corinth's order shall the structure rise,
 The spiring turrets glitter thro' the skies;
 Thy costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays,
 Thy vase shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze;
 Yet thou, whatever pomp the sun display,
 Shalt own the amorous night exceeds the day.

“ When melting flutes and sweetly-sounding lyres
 Wake the gay loves, and cite the young desires;
 Or in th' Aonian dance, some fav'rite maid
 Improves the flame her sparkling eyes convey'd;
 Think, canst thou quit a glowing Delia's arms,
 To feed on Virtue's visionary charms!
 Or slight the joys which wit and youth engage,
 For the faint honour of a frozen sage?
 To find dull Envy ev'n that hope deface,
 And, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace?

“ O! think that beauty waits on thy decree,
 And thy lov'd lovliest charmer pleads with me;
 She whose soft smile or gentler glance to move,
 You vow'd the wild extremities of love;
 In whose endearments years like moments flew;
 For whose endearments millions seem'd too few:
 She, she implores; she bids thee seize the prime,
 And tread with her the flow'ry tract of time;
 Nor thus her lovely bloom of life bestow
 On some cold lover or insulting foe.

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Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,
Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell,
What strong persuasion arms her softer sighs !
What full conviction sparkles in her eyes !

“ See nature smiles, and birds salute the shade,
Where breathing jasmine screens the sleeping maid ;
And such her charms as to the vain may prove,
Ambition seeks more humble joys than love !
Their busy toil shall ne'er invade thy reign,
Nor sciences perplex thy lab'ring brain ;
Or none but what with equal sweets invite,
Nor other arts but to prolong delight :
Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,
To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring ;
To fix the dress that suits each varying mien ;
To shew where best the clust'ring gems are seen ;
To sigh soft strains along the vocal grove,
And tell the charms, the sweet effects of love !
Nor fear to find a coy disdainful muse,
Nor think the sisters will their aid refuse :
Cool grots, and tinkling rills, or silent shades,
Soft scenes of leisure suit th' harmonious maids ;
And all the wise, and all the grave decree,
Some of that sacred train ally'd to me.

“ But if more specious ease thy wishes claim,
And thy breast glow with faint desire of fame,
Some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse,
And learning's name a solemn sound diffuse.
To thee all nature's curious stores I'll bring,
Explain the beauties of an insect's wing ;
The plant which nature, less diffusely kind,
Has to few climes with partial care confin'd ;
The shell she scatters with more careless air,

And in her frolics seems supremely fair;
 The worth that dazzles in the tulip's stains,
 Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.
 Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms,
 Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms,
 Ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail,
 Or care, my most destructive foe, prevail.
 The wat'ry nymphs shall tune the vocal vales,
 And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales,
 For thy repose inform, with rival joy,
 Their streams to murmur, and their winds to sigh.
 Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly-flowing day,
 'Til, lost in bliss, thou breath'st thy soul away;
 'Til she t' Elysian bow'rs of joy repair,
 Nor find my charming scenes exceeded there."

She ceas'd; and on a lily'd bank reclin'd,
 Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind;
 One tender hand her drooping head sustains,
 One points expressive to the flow'ry plains.
 Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll
 Deep in his breast, to melt his manly soul.
 As when Favonius joins the solar blaze,
 And each fair fabrick of the frost decays;
 Soon to his breast the soft harangue convey'd
 Resolves too partial to the specious maid.
 He sigh'd, he gaz'd, so sweetly smil'd the dame;
 Yet sighing, gazing, seem'd to scorn his flame;
 And oft' as Virtue caught his wand'ring eye,
 A crimson blush condemn'd the rising sigh.
 'T was such the ling'ring Trojan's shame betray'd,
 When Maia's son the frown of Jove display'd;
 When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance prove
 For the soft reign of Dido and of love.

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Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires;
Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires!

Some hov'ring doubts his anxious bosom mov'd,
And Virtue, zealous fair! those doubts improv'd.

"Fly, fly, fond youth! the too indulgent maid,
Nor err, by such fantastic scenes betray'd.

Tho' in my path the rugged thorn be seen,

And the dry turf disclose a fainter green;

Tho' no gay rose or flow'ry product shine,

The barren surface still conceals the mine.

Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that grows

In Virtue's path, superior sweets bestows.—

Yet should those boasted specious toys allure,

Whence could fond sloth the flatt'ring gifts procure?

The various wealth that tempts thy fond desire,

'Tis I alone, her greatest foe, acquire.

I from old ocean rob the treasur'd store;

I thro' each region latent gems explore:

'T was I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd,

By num'rous strata deep in earth conceal'd:

'T is I the surface yet refine, and shew

The modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow;

Nor swells the grape, nor spires its feeble tree,

Without the firm supports of industry.

"But grant we Sloth the scene herself has drawn,

The mossy grotto and the flow'ry lawn;

Let Philomela tune th' harmonious gale,

And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale;

Let gay Pomona slight the plains around,

And chuse, for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground;

To bless the fertile vale should Virtue cease,

Nor mossy grots nor flow'ry lawns could please;

Nor gay Pomona's luscious gifts avail,

The sound harmonious or the spicy gale.

“ Seest thou yon’ rocks in dreadful pomp arise,
Whose rugged cliffs deform th’ encircling skies?
Those fields, whence Phœbus all their moisture drains,
And, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains?
When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil,
Those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts smile:
The form thou view’st, to ev’ry scene with ease
Transfers its charms, and ev’ry scene can please.
When I have on those pathless wilds appear’d,
And the lone wand’rer with my presence cheer’d,
Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view’d,
And call’d that desert blissful Solitude!

“ Nor I alone to such extend my care,
Fair-blooming Health surveys her altars there;
Brown Exercise will lead thee where she reigns,
And with reflected lustre gild the plains:
With her, in flow’r of youth and beauty’s pride,
Her offspring, calm Content and Peace, reside;
One ready off’ring suits each neigh’ring shrine,
And all obey their laws who practise mine.

“ But Health averse from Sloth’s smooth region flies,
And in her absence Pleasure droops and dies;
Her bright companions, Mirth, Delight, Repose,
Smile where she smiles, and sicken when she goes:
A galaxy of pow’rs! whose forms appear
For everauteous, and for ever near.

“ Nor will soft Sleep to Sloth’s request incline,
He from her couches flies unbid to mine.
Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warbling strain,
Th’ incentive song, the labour’d viand vain!
Where she, relentless, reigns without control,
And checks each gay excursion of the soul;

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Unmov'd tho' Beauty, deck'd in all its charms,
Grace the rich couch, and spread the softest arms;
Till joyless indolence suggests desires,
Or drugs are sought to furnish languid fires;
Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
Barren of bliss, but fertile of decay;
As artful heats, apply'd to thirsty lands,
Produce no flow'rs, and but debase the sands.

“ But let fair Health her cheering smiles impart,
How sweet is Nature! how superfluous Art!
'Tis she the fountain's ready draught commends,
And smooths the flinty couch which Fortune lends;
And when my hero from his toils retires,
Fills his gay bosom with unusual fires!
And while no checks th' unbounded joy reprove,
Aids and refines the genuine sweets of love.
His fairest prospect rising trophies frame,
His sweetest music is the voice of Fame!
Pleasures to Sloth unknown! she never found
How fair the prospect, or how sweet the sound.

“ See Fame's gay structure from yon' summit charms,
And fires the manly breast to arts or arms;
Nor dread the steep ascent by which you rise,
From grov'ling vales to tow'rs which reach the skies.

“ Love, fame, esteem, 't is labour must acquire,
The smiling offspring of a rigid sire!
To fix the friend your service must be shown;
All ere they lov'd your merit lov'd their own.
That wond'ring Greece your portrait may admire,
That tuneful bards may string for you their lyre,
That books may praise, or coins record your name,
Such, such rewards 't is toil alone can claim!
And the same column which displays to view

The conqueror's name, displays the conquest too.

" 'T was slow Experience, tedious mistress ! taught
All that e'er nobly spoke or bravely fought :
'T was she the patriot, she the bard refin'd,
In arts that serve, protect, or please, mankind.
Not the vain visions of inactive schools,
Not Fancy's maxims, nor Opinion's rules,
E'er form'd the man whose gen'rous warmth extends
T' enrich his country, or to serve his friends.
On active worth the laurel War bestows ;
Peace rears her olive for industrious brows ;
Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind supplies,
Nor heav'n its show'rs, without a sacrifice.

" See far below such grov'lling scenes of shame
As lull to rest Ignavia's slumb'ring dame :
Her friends, from all the toils of Fame secure,
Alas ! inglorious, greater toils endure ;
Doom'd all to mourn who in her cause engage,
A youth enervate, and a painful age ;
A sickly sapless mass, if reason flies ;
And if she linger, impotently wise !
A thoughtless train, who, pamper'd, sleek, and gay,
Invite old age, and revel youth away ;
From life's fresh vigour move the load of care,
And idly place it where they least can bear.
When to the mind, diseas'd, for aid they fly,
What kind reflection shall the mind supply ?
When with lost health, what should the loss allay,
Peace, peace is lost ; a comfortless decay !
But to my friends, when youth, when pleasure flies,
And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,
Thro' death's dark vista flow'ry tracts are seen,
Elysian plains, and groves for ever green.

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If o'er their lives a refluent glance they cast,
Their's is the present who can praise the past :
Life has its bliss for these when past its bloom,
As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.

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“ Serene, and safe from passion's stormy rage,
How calm they glide into the port of age !
Of the rude voyage less depriv'd than eas'd ;
More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diseas'd :
For health on age 't is temp'rance must bestow,
And peace from piety alone can flow ;
And all the incense bounteous Jove requires,
Has sweets for him who feeds the sacred fires.

“ Sloth views the tow'rs of Fame with envious eyes,
Desirous still, still impotent to rise.
Oft' when resolv'd to gain those blissful tow'rs,
The pensive queen the dire ascent explores,
Comes onward, wafted by the balmy trees,
Some sylvan music or some scented breeze ;
She turns her head, her own gay realm she spies,
And all the short-liv'd resolution dies.
Thus some fond insect's falt'ring pinions wave,
Clasp'd in its fav'rite sweets, a lasting slave ;
And thus in vain these charming visions please
The wretch of glory and the slave of ease,
Doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine,
Boast her own scenes, and languish after mine.

“ But shun her snares ! nor let the world exclaim,
Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy shame.
With early hope thine infant actions fir'd,
Let manhood crown what infancy inspir'd ;
Let gen'rous toils reward with health thy days,
Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praise.
The bold exploit that charms th' attesting age,

To latest times shall gen'rous hearts engage;
 And with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd,
 With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound;
 'Til Time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom,
 And raise a temple where it found a tomb.

"Then in their feasts thy name shall Grecians join
 Shall pour the sparkling juice to Jove's and thine:
 Thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native fire;
 Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inspire.
 Dulness, perhaps, thro' want of sight, may blame;
 And Spleen, with odious industry, defame;
 And that the honours giv'n with wonder view,
 And this in secret sadness own them due.
 Contempt and Envy were by Fate design'd
 The rival tyrants which divide mankind;
 Contempt, which none but who deserve can bear,
 While Envy's wounds the smiles of Fame repair.
 For know, the gen'rous thine exploits shall fire,
 Thine ev'ry friend it suits thee to require;
 Lov'd by the gods, and 'til their seats I shew,
 Lov'd by the good, their images below."

"Cease, lovely maid! fair daughter of the skies!
 My guide! my queen!" the ecstatic youth replies:
 "In thee I trace a form design'd for sway,
 Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey;
 And by thy bright immortal friends I swear,
 Thy fair idea shall no toils impair.
 Lead me, O lead me, where whole hosts of foes
 Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose.
 Welcome all toils th' unequal Fates decree,
 While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.
 Such be my cares: to bind the oppressive hand,
 And crush the fetters of an injur'd land;
 To see the monster's noxious life resign'd,

And tyrants quell'd, the monsters of mankind !
Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood,
And none but Envy riot unsubdu'd.
In cloister'd state let selfish sages dwell,
Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell ;
And boast their mazy labyrinth of rules,
Far less the friends of virtue than the fools :
Yet such in vain thy fav'ring smiles pretend,
For he is thine who proves his country's friend.
Thus when my life, well-spent, the good enjoy,
And the mean envious labour to destroy ;
When strongly lur'd by Fame's contiguous shrine,
I yet devote my choicer vows to thine ;
If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,
O lead thy fav'rite thro' the gates of Fame !"

He ceas'd his vows, and, with disdainful air,
He turn'd to blast the late exulting fair :
But vanish'd, fled to some more friendly shore,
The conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more ;
Convinc'd her spurious charms of dress and face
Claim'd a quick conquest or a sure disgrace.
Fantastic pow'r ! whose transient charms allur'd,
While Error's mist the reas'ning mind obscur'd ;
Not such the victress, Virtue's constant queen,
Endur'd the test of truth, and dar'd be seen ;
Her bright'ning form and features seem'd to own,
'T was all her wish, her int'rest, to be known ;
And when his longing view the fair declin'd,
Left a full image of her charms behind.

Thus reigns the moon, with furtive splendour crown'd,
While glooms oppress us, and thick shades surround ;
But let the source of light its beams display,
Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,
And all the sick'ning splendour fades away.

INSCRIPTIONS.

ON THE BACK OF A GOTHIC SEAT.

Shepherd, wouldst thou here obtain
Pleasure unalloy'd with pain,
Joy that suits the rural sphere?
Gentle shepherd! lend an ear.

Learn to relish calm delight,
Verdant vales and fountains bright,
Trees that nod on sloping hills,
Caves that echo, tinkling rills.

If thou canst no charm disclose
In the simplest bud that blows,
Go, forsake thy plain and fold,
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy;
Banish each tumultuous joy;
All but love—for love inspires
Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine—
Yet ere thou the reins resign,
Hear what reason seems to say,
Hear attentive, and obey.

“Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
But beneath them lurks a thorn;
Fair and flow'ry is the brake,
Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

Think not she, whose empty pride
Dares the fleecy garb deride,
Think not she who, light and vain,
Scorns the sheep can love the swain.

Artless deed and simple dress
Mark the chosen shepherdess;
Thoughts by decency controll'd,
Well conceiv'd, and freely told :
Sense that shuns each conscious air,
Wit that falls ere well aware;
Generous pity prone to sigh,
If her kid or lambkin die.

Let not lucre, let no pride,
Draw thee from such charms aside;
Have not those their proper sphere?
Gentler passions triumph here.

See! to sweeten thy repose,
The blossom buds, the fountain flows;
Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
All that milk and fruits afford.

Seek no more—the rest is vain;
Pleasure ending soon in pain;
Anguish lightly gilded o'er;
Close thy wish and seek no more."

ON THE BACK OF A GOTHIC ALCOVE.

O you that bathe in courtlye blysse,
Or toyle in Fortune's giddy spehare,
Do not too rashly deeme amyse
Of him that bydes contented here.

Nor yet disdeigne the russet stoale,
 Which o'er each carelesse lymbe he flyngs;
 Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle
 In whyche he quaffs the limpid springs.
 Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
 Devoide of worldlye cark, he stray,
 Or all beside some flowerye lawne
 He waste his inoffensive daye.
 So may he pardonne fraud and strife,
 If such in courtlye haunt he see;
 For faults there beene in busye life
 From whyche these peaceful glennes are free.

MVSA

ON A SEAT UNDER A SPREADING BEECH.

Hoc erat in votis : modus agri non ita magnus,
 Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
 Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. Auctius atque
 Dii melius fecere.——

Imitation.

This was my wish—An humble spot of ground,
 A garden well-dispos'd, and fenc'd around,
 A bubbling fountain to my dwelling nigh,
 With crystal treasures stor'd, and never dry,
 The whole defended by a modest wood—
 This was my wish—my wish the gods allow'd,
 And ev'n beyond that wish indulgently bestow'd.

HULL.

inscribed
Shenstone

ON A SEAT.

IOSEPHO SPENCE,
EXIMIO NOSTRO CRITONI;
CVI DICARI VELLE
MV SARVM OMNIVM ET GRATIARVM CHORVS,
DICAT AMICITIA.
MDCCLVIII.

Explanation.

Dedicated by friendship
to Joseph Spence,
our most excellent Crito,
whom
the unanimous consent
of every Muse and Grace
made choice of
to be so distinguished.

HULL.

ON AN ORNAMENTED URN,

inscribed to Miss Dolman, a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr. Shenstone's, who died of the small-pox, about twenty-one years of age.

PERAMABILI SVÆ CONSOBRINÆ
M. D.

On the other side:

AH MARIA!
FVELLARVM ELEGANTISSIMA!
AH FLORE VENUSTATIS ABREPTA,
VALE!
HEV QVANTO MINVS EST

CVM RELIQVIS VERSARI,
QVAM TVI
MEMINISSE!

Explanation.

—Sacred to the memory
of
a most amiable kinswoman.
Ah! Maria!
most elegant of nymphs!
snatched from us
in thy bloom of beauty,
ah! farewell!

How much inferior
is the living conversation
of others
to the bare remembrance
of thee!

HULL.

ON A SEAT.

CELEBERRIMO POETÆ
JACOBO THOMSON,
PROPE FONTES ILLI NON FASTIDITOS
G. S.
SEDEM HANC ORNAVIT.

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?
Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

Explanation.

To the
much-celebrated poet
James Thomson,
this seat was placed,
near his favourite springs.
by
W. S.

Imitation.

How shall I thank thy Muse, so form'd to please?
For not the whisp'rings of the southern breeze,
Nor banks still-beaten by the breaking wave,
Nor limpid rills that pebbly vallies lave,
Yield such delight.——

ON A SEAT,

at the bottom of a large root, on the side of a slope.

O let me haunt this peaceful shade,
Nor let Ambition e'er invade
The tenants of this leafy bower,
That shun her paths and slight her power!
Hither the peaceful halcyon flies
From social meads and open skies,
Pleas'd by this rill her course to steer,
And hide her sapphire plumage here.
The trout, bedropp'd with crimson stains,
Forsakes the river's proud domains;
Forsakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,
To lurk within this humble stream.

And sure I hear the Naiad say,
 "Flow, flow, my stream! this devious way;
 Tho' lovely soft thy murmurs are,
 Thy water's lovely, cool, and fair.
 Flow, gentle stream! nor let the vain
 Thy small unsully'd stores disdain;
 Nor let the pensive sage repine,
 Whose latent course resembles thine."

ON AN URN IN HALES-OWEN CHURCH,

In Memory of Mr. Shenstone.

Whoe'er thou art, with rev'rence tread
 These sacred mansions of the dead!
 Not that the monumental bust
 Or sumptuous tomb, here guards the dust
 Of rich or great:—let wealth, rank, birth,
 Sleep undistinguish'd in the earth.
 This simple urn records a name
 Which shines with more exalted fame.
 Reader! if genius, taste refin'd,
 A native elegance of mind;
 If virtue, science, manly sense,
 If wit that never gave offence,
 The clearest head, the tenderest heart
 In thy esteem e'er claim'd a part,
 Ah! smite thy breast, and drop a tear,
 For know *thy* Shenstone's dust lies here.

R. GRAVES.

'Tis
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y;

TO MR. ROBERT DODSLEY.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. SHENSTONE.

Thee, Shepherd! thee the woods and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes, mourn. *Milton.*

CH.

'Tis past, my Friend! the transient scene is clos'd!
 The fairy pile, th' enchanted vision, rais'd
 By Damon's magic skill, is lost in air!

What tho' the lawns and pendent woods remain,
 Each tinkling stream, each rushing cataract,
 With lapse incessant echoes thro' the dale,
 Yet what avails the lifeless landscape now?
 The charm's dissolv'd; the Genius of the wood,
 Alas! is flown—for Damon is no more.

As when from fair Lycæum, crown'd with pines,
 Or Mænalus, with leaves autumnal strew'd,
 The tuneful Pan retires, the vocal hills
 Resound no more, and all Arcadia mourns.

Yet here we fondly dream'd of lasting joys;
 Here we had hop'd, from noisy throngs retir'd,
 To drink large draughts of Friendship's cordial stream,
 In sweet oblivion wrapt by Damon's verse.
 And social converse, many a summer's day.

Romantic wish! in vain frail mortals trace
 Th' imperfect sketch of human bliss—Whilst yet
 Th' enraptur'd sire his well-plann'd structure views
 Majestic rising 'midst his infant groves,
 Sees the dark laurel spread its glossy shade,
 Its languid bloom the purple lilac blend,

Or pale laburnum drop its pensile chain,
Death spreads the fatal shaft, and bids his heir
Transplant the cypress round his father's tomb.

Oh! teach me then, like you, my Friend! to raise
To moral truths my grov'lling song; for, ah!
Too long by lawless Fancy led astray,
Of nymphs and groves I've dream'd, and dancing
Fauns,

Or Naiad leaning o'er her tinkling urn.
Oh! could I learn to sanctify my strains
With hymns like those by tuneful Meyrick sung—
Or rather catch the melancholy sounds
From Warton's reed, or Mason's lyre—to paint
The sudden gloom that damps my soul.—But see!
Melpomene herself has snatch'd the pipe
With which sad Lyttelton his Lucia mourn'd,
And plaintive cries, "My Shenstone is no more!"

R. GRAVES.

